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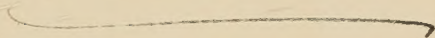
JEFF D. RAY





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B. H. CARROLL

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B. H. CARROLL

By JEFF D. RAY, D.D.

Professor of Homiletics and Rural Sociology
Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary



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To
*B. H. Carroll's living
children*

CHARLES
the Learned Professor

KATE
the Consecrated Missionary

LOUISE
the Devoted Wife and Mother

HARRISON
the Brilliant Journalist

*This volume is affectionately
dedicated by their brother
The Author*

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Dr. B. H. Carroll, the big, open-hearted brother, would take a suggestion from a little child and give full credit for it. No service was ever done for him or the cause he represented, however small, that did not bring from his great heart an expression of appreciation. In all the honors conferred upon him he always gave credit to whom credit was due.

J. W. CROWDER.

PREFACE

This book is a long-suppressed expression of appreciation of a marvelous man uttered by one who knew him intimately, admired him lavishly and loved him devotedly. Three times—twice for months,—once for years—I lived in his home. To have had his unbroken friendship from my boyhood to the day of his death has been one of the chief joys of my life. While he lived that friendship was a vital dynamic—a fruit-bearing vine in my heart. During all the lonesome years since he went to his reward I have treasured the fragrant memory of that friendship among my jewels and shall do so to the journey's end. His name has been enshrined in my home among the most sacred possessions. When our first-born came, his mother, though up to that time she had never seen Dr. Carroll, would hear to nothing else than that the boy's name should be Harvey Carroll, solely because she knew my love for him. Afterward she lived with me in his home and learned to love him with an ardor that never cooled to the day of her death. When our first grandson was born, search where we could, we could find no better name for him than Harvey Carroll.

There are four considerations making an imperious call upon me to publish the little book at this time.

In the first place, I do not want to die without leaving on permanent record my estimate of this man and my profound appreciation of his noble life.

In the second place, I have, since his death, had a habit of delivering every year to my classes in the Seminary one or more addresses on his life and work. The men have seemed to enjoy and appreciate these addresses, and they have apparently done good. I should like to have my word concerning him in permanent book form that I might posit thus permanently for our students in coming generations an estimate of the founder of the Seminary, such estimate being made by one who knew him personally and intimately.

But a third reason is that throughout the country there are hundreds, and even thousands, still living, most of them plain people, who knew him more or less intimately, admired him extravagantly and loved him devotedly. These will be glad to have their memory of him refreshed by my vagrant reminiscences and my effort—however awkward—to interpret his life.

I am impelled to this loving task by the still further consideration that in performing it—however imperfectly done—I may contribute a little toward stabilizing and projecting the truth he so fondly loved and so gallantly defended, and the kingdom work of which he was such an unselfish, sacrificial servant.

J. D. R.

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A divine architect planned the temple of his body. Nature herself superintended the construction. The woods and fields were the playgrounds of his childhood. The gun and horse were the delights of his youth. Early life in the open air and vigorous exercise were the rock upon which a house was built, that stood when the "rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon it." This spacious palace was occupied by a soul worthy of such a dwelling place. A regal spirit tabernacled in his body. Too lofty to stoop to sin, too honest to deceive, too guileless to suspect treachery, too great to be guilty of littleness; his was a transparent magnanimous and unsullied soul.—GEORGE W. McDANIEL.

CHAPTER I

THE YEARS OF YOUTH

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?"

Benajah Harvey Carroll was born in Carroll County, Mississippi, December 27, 1843. When he was four years old his preacher father moved to Drew County, Arkansas. In December, 1858, when he was fifteen years old, was six feet three inches tall and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, the family moved to Burleson County, Texas.

There were twelve sons and daughters in the family. All of them are now dead except Dr. J. M. Carroll, the venerable and much honored president of Carroll College at McAllen, Texas. Counting that twelve of his own would not make a respectable family from the standpoint of numbers, this great-hearted pioneer preacher reared and educated about a dozen orphans.

Preaching seems to have been in the blood. Besides the preacher father Dr. Carroll had two brothers who were preachers, three close cousins who were preachers, a nephew who is a preacher, a son who is a preacher, and a daughter who is a missionary in Brazil.

At sixteen he entered Baylor University (then located at Independence, Texas) but not as a ministerial student—far from it. Dr. Burleson was the brilliant young president. Bringing over into mature years

the habit of schoolboy days, Dr. Carroll always spoke of him as "Mr." Burleson. These two giants lived in the same town for nearly a third of a century. Notwithstanding an unfortunate difference of viewpoint which in the later years of Dr. Burleson's life separated them somewhat in the matter of denominational alignment, each held the respect, confidence and affection of the other till death separated them.

Young Carroll did not make the most brilliant record as a normal classroom student, though all admitted he had the most brilliant mind in the school. He could not confine himself to the page-by-page preparation of an assigned lesson to be recited on a given day. When he got a new textbook he read it through at once and found it difficult to make the meticulous preparation implied in classroom recitation. When he entered his first school the teacher put him in the First Reader. Having learned to read at home, he brought the book back to her at noon, saying: "I've learned this one by heart and want another one." To the teacher's surprise he had actually committed the whole thing to memory. He spent far more time studying subjects outside the college curriculum than he did on his regular courses. When he left Baylor, not yet eighteen, it is claimed he was more widely read and had a larger store of general information than any teacher in the institution. He was universally admitted to be the foremost orator among his college fellows and he was particularly gifted in debate.

When General Houston was making his forlorn fight against secession he conceived the idea of having mass

meetings at various centers to discuss the question. Through Dr. Burleson he arranged such a meeting at Independence, and it was to be in the form of a joint debate. Young Carroll was chosen to represent the affirmative of the proposition that Texas should remain in the Union. A great crowd gathered to hear the debate. When the boy orator began they were nearly all against him. When he closed, so irresistible had been the tide of his eloquence, they were nearly all for him, and with great enthusiasm suspended the United States flag from a liberty pole fifty feet high. The fickleness of the multitude is shown in the fact that the next day the same crowd, led by the mayor of the town, cut down the liberty pole and trailed the flag in the dust. "Hosanna!" today—"Crucify him!" tomorrow.

He was due to be graduated from Baylor in June, 1861, but the Civil War came and the boy of seventeen enlisted as a ranger to guard the Texas frontier. Baylor granted his degree, along with other soldier seniors, without the formality of final examinations. This ranger service took him to what was then the wild region of west Texas—the home of wild animals and savage Indians. Boy as he was, he had a dash and reckless courage that appealed to the seasoned veteran's imagination. When I was pastor at Caldwell one of my parishioners, Mr. W. H. Jenkins, who was with him in the ranger service, told me a story characteristic of the daring youth. He said: "One day Fuller (Dr. Carroll's older brother) came to me and said, 'Bill, have you seen Harvey?' When I told him I had not he said, 'He has been gone all the

morning and I am uneasy about him.' So we saddled our ponies and struck into the woods to find him. When we had ridden several miles with no sign of him we heard a gunshot, then another and another. Finally we overtook him. Fuller said, 'Boy, what do you mean prowling through these woods by yourself—some Indian will get your scalp.' The boy laughed and said, 'I'm just killing a few wild turkeys. I never had as many turkey gizzards as I could eat. I've got my haversack half full of 'em now and I think I'll have as much gizzard as I can eat for one time.' Sure enough, when we opened his haversack there were about a dozen turkey gizzards. He had cut the turkeys open, taken the gizzards out and thrown the birds away."

He remained in the ranger service a year. Then came his life's great tragedy. I shall not describe it, nor even discuss it further than to say that I lived four years in the community where it occurred and I know that everybody there acquitted him of blame in the tragic transaction, and there was no spot on earth where he was more honored and trusted than in that community.

At this time—the spring of 1862—he transferred from the ranger service to the regular army. He was assigned to the Seventeenth Regiment of Texas Infantry, commanded by Col. R. T. P. Allen. Out of the bitterness of what he counted a blighted life he said to his friends, "In seeking the field of war I seek death."

Oratory was as natural to him as breathing and in the army he continued his speech-making habit.

He was on every hand regarded as a good soldier and in many ways he was popular among his comrades. But his speeches, though confessedly brilliant, detracted from rather than added to his popularity. The reason is not far to seek. Practically all his fellow-soldiers were ardent secessionists, believed that the salvation of the country depended on the South winning the war, and that beyond a doubt the South would win. In his campfire speeches he combated all three of these propositions. For example, he made a speech in 1862 on "The Delusions of the South." He declared these delusions to be: (1) speedy victory of the Confederate arms; (2) cowardice of Northern troops; (3) reliance on Northern Democrats; (4) reliance on European intervention.

A little later, in Louisiana, he engaged in a campfire debate. He took the affirmative of the proposition, "Confederate success is more to be dreaded than Confederate defeat." He based his argument upon this proposition: If we are defeated the war is ended; if we succeed the war is perpetual," and he justified his proposition by four considerations: (1) the Mississippi and its tributaries; (2) the indeterminable artificial boundary between the North and the South; (3) the difficulty of protecting slavery under such conditions; (4) the rope of sand binding the Confederate States.

He served through the entire war, being in the last corps that surrendered. He was desperately wounded at the battle of Mansfield. One of the most pathetic stories I ever heard is the story I have heard him tell his children of his journey from Mansfield, Louisiana,

to Caldwell, Texas, in the old-fashioned stagecoach carrying this fresh wound in his body.

Though the wound left his body without visible blemish he was on crutches for many months and the physical pain resulting from it followed him fifty years to his grave.

The war over, he limped back on his crutches not only with a broken body but with a broken heart to the site of his sorrow.

That summer, 1865, he was converted. Since nobody will ever tell that story as well as he has told it himself, I give it to you in his own thrilling words in the next chapter.

Conquering faith—this was his chief characteristic. Whenever he undertook to do a great thing he first fought out the whole thing with God. When God gave him peace about it he committed it all to him and went at the doing of the thing like a conquering giant. He literally believed that “God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” He believed in the limitless resourcefulness of God. He believed in his omnipotent power and this faith was so regnant in his soul that it joined God to every great task that he undertook to perform.—L. R. SCARBOROUGH.

CHAPTER II

FINDING THE LORD

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

What made B. H. Carroll? How shall we account for this great and good man? By nature he had many strong, noble points but he had traits of character which, if allowed to develop along strictly natural lines, would have made him a hurtful and dangerous rather than a helpful and desirable citizen. By nature he was a proud aristocrat, a self-centered autocrat, an ease-loving Epicurean, a cynical pessimist, and a skeptical rationalist, believing nothing that could not be validated by the senses or by reason. But as he was known to us the aristocrat became the recognized apostle of the common people; the autocrat became a world-including altruist; the Epicurean became a self-denying, self-giving servant of all; the pessimistic cynic became a believer in the "good in all men" and trusted men with a credulity that was sometimes amazing, sometimes pitiful; the skeptical rationalist became the childlike believer in and the master interpreter of the deepest things of the Spirit.

How is this transformation of character to be explained? What could have wrought a change so sudden, so radical, so permanent? Was it favorable environment? He had been blessed with favorable

environment from his infancy. Was it the exercise of great will power? He had a strong will but it was by nature diametrically opposed to the things that he suddenly came to love. Was it, as some have suggested, the experience of sorrow? He had in early life known the greatest sorrow and it only served to drive his unregenerate life further from God.

No, this great life cannot be explained by pointing to any natural grace or gift or power. It cannot be accounted for by any theory of heredity or environment. It cannot be conditioned upon any strategic situation that challenged the development of his powers. That remarkable life can be accounted for only by the power of the new life that came when as a quick flash of light, he received Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. In "My Infidelity and What Became of It," he very vividly recounted his experience of grace. This story is contained in his first volume of sermons published by the American Baptist Publication Society. By their courtesy I am reproducing it here. That he regarded Christ as the true source of whatever good was in his life is shown by this thrilling story:

"I cannot remember when I began to be an infidel. Certainly at a very early age—even before I knew what infidelity meant. There was nothing in my home life to beget or suggest it. My father was a self-educated Baptist minister, preaching—mainly without compensation—to village or country churches. My mother was a devoted Christian of deep and humble piety. There were no infidel books in our home library, nor in any other accessible to me. My teach-

ers were Christians—generally preachers. There were no infidels of my acquaintance, and no public sentiment in favor of them. My infidelity was never from without, but always from within. I had no precept and no example. When later in life I read infidel books, they did not make me an infidel, but because I was an infidel I sought, bought and read them. Even when I read them I was not impressed by new suggestions, but only when occasionally they gave clearer expression of what I had already vaguely felt. No one of them nor all of them sounded the depths of my own infidelity or gave an adequate expression of it. They all fell short of the distance in doubt over which my own troubled soul had passed.

“From unremembered time this skepticism progressed, though the progress was not steady and regular. Sometimes in one hour, as by far-shining flashes of inspiration, there would be more progress in extent and definiteness than in previous months. Moreover, these short periods of huge advances were without preceding intentions or perceptible preparations. They were always sudden and startling. Place and circumstances had but little to do with them. The doubt was seldom germane to the topic under consideration. It always leaped far away to a distant and seemingly disconnected theme, in a way unexplained by the law of the association of ideas. At times I was in the Sunday school or hearing a sermon or bowed with others in family prayer—more frequently when I waked at night after healthful sleep, and still more frequently when rambling alone in the fields or in the woods. To be awake in the stillness of the night while others

slept, or to be alone in forest depths, or on boundless prairies, or on mountain heights has always possessed for me a weird fascination. Even to this day there are times when houses and people are unbearable. Frequently have I been intoxicated with thoughts of the immensity of space and the infinity of nature. Now these were the very times when skepticism made such enormous progress. 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?'

"Thus, before I knew what infidelity was, I was an infidel. My child-mind was fascinated by strange and sometimes horrible questionings concerning many religious subjects. Long before I had read the experiences of others, I had been borne far beyond sight of any shore, wading and swimming beyond my depth after solutions of such questions as the 'philosopher's stone,' the 'elixir of life,' and 'the fountain of youth,' but mainly the 'chief good.' I understand now much better than then the character and direction of the questionings of that early period. By a careful retrospect and analysis of such of them as memory preserves, I now know that I never doubted the being, personality, and government of God. I was never an atheist or pantheist. I never doubted the existence and ministry of angels—pure spirits never embodied: I could never have been a Sadducee. I never doubted the essential distinction between spirit and matter: I could never have been a materialist.

"And as to the origin of things, the philosophy of Democritus, developed by Epicurus, more developed by Lucretius, and gone to seed in the unverified hypothesis of modern evolutionists—such a godless, materialistic anti-climax of philosophy never had the slightest attraction or temptation for me. The intuitions of humanity preserved me from any ambition to be descended from either beast or protoplasm. The serious reception of such a speculative philosophy was not merely a mental but mainly a moral impossibility. I never doubted the immortality of the soul and conscious future existence. This conviction antedated any reading of 'Plato, thou reasonest well.' I never doubted the final, just judgment of the Creator of the world.

"But my infidelity related to the Bible and its manifest doctrines. I doubted that it was God's book; that it was an inspired revelation of his will to man. I doubted miracles. I doubted the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. But more than all, I doubted his vicarious expiation for the sins of men. I doubted any real power and vitality in the Christian religion. I never doubted that the Scriptures claimed inspiration, nor that they taught unequivocally the divinity and vicarious expiation of Jesus. If the Bible does not teach these, it teaches nothing. The trifling expedient of accepting the Bible as 'inspired in spots,' never occurred to me. To accept, with Renan, its natural parts and arbitrarily deny its supernatural, or to accept with some the book as from God, and then strike at its heart by a false interpretation that denied the divinity and vicarious expiation of Jesus—these were follies

of which I was never guilty—follies for which even now I have never seen or heard a respectable excuse. To me it was always '*Aut Caesar, aut nihil.*' What anybody wanted, in a religious way, with the shell after the kernel was gone I never could understand.

"While the beginnings of my infidelity cannot be recalled, by memory I can give the date when it took tangible shape. I do know just when it emerged from chaos and outlined itself in my consciousness with startling distinctiveness. An event called it out of the mists and shadows into conscious reality. It happened on this wise:

"There was a protracted meeting in our vicinity. A great and mysterious influence swept over the community. There was much excitement. Many people, old and young, joined the church and were baptized. Doubtless in the beginning of the meeting the conversions were what I would now call genuine. Afterward many merely went with the tide. They went because others were going. Two things surprised me. First, that I did not share the interest or excitement. To me it was only a curious spectacle. The second was that so many people wanted me to join the church. I had manifested no special interest except once or twice mechanically and experimentally. I had no conviction for sin. I had not felt lost and did not feel saved. First one and then another catechized me, and that categorically. Thus: 'Don't you believe the Bible?' 'Yes.' 'Don't you believe in Jesus Christ?' 'Y-e-s.' 'Well, doesn't the Bible say that whosoever believes in Jesus Christ is saved?' 'Yes.' Now, mark three things: First, this catechizing was by

zealous church members before I presented myself for membership. Second, the answers were historical, Sunday-school answers, as from a textbook. Third, I was only thirteen years old. These answers were reported to the preachers somewhat after this fashion: 'Here is a lad who believes the Bible, believes in Jesus Christ, and believes that he is saved. Ought not such a one join the church?' Now came the pressure of well-meant but unwise persuasion. I will not describe it. The whole thing would have been exposed if, when I presented myself for membership, I had been asked to tell my own story without prompting or leading questions. I did not have any to tell, and would have told none. But many had joined, the hour was late, and a few direct questions elicited the same historical, stereotyped answers. Thus the die was cast.

"Until after my baptism everything seemed unreal, but walking home from the baptism the revelation came. The vague infidelity of all the past took positive shape, and would not down at my bidding. Truth was naked before me. My answers had been educational. I did not believe that the Bible was God's revelation. I did not believe its miracles and doctrines. I did not believe, in any true sense, in the divinity or vicarious sufferings of Jesus. I had no confidence in professed conversion and regeneration. I had not felt lost nor did I feel saved. There was no perceptible, radical change in my disposition or affections. What I once loved, I still loved; what I once hated, I still hated. It was no temporary depression of spirit following a previous exaltation, such

as I now believe sometimes comes to genuine Christians. This I know. Joining the church, with its assumption of obligations, was a touchstone. It acted on me like the touch of Ithuriel's spear. I saw my real self. I knew that either I had no religion or it was not worth having. This certainty as to my state had no intermittence. The sensation of actual and positive infidelity was so new to me that I hardly knew what to say about it. I felt a repugnance to parade it. I wanted time and trial for its verification. I knew that its avowal would pain and horrify my family and the church, yet honesty required me to say something. And so I merely asked that the church withdraw from me on the ground that I was not converted. This was not granted, because the brethren thought that I mistook temporary mental depression for lack of conversion. They asked me to wait and give it a trial; to read the Bible and pray. I could not make them understand, but from that time on I read the Bible as never before—read it all; read it many times; studied it in the light of my infidelity; marked its contradictions and fallacies, as they seemed to me, from Genesis to Revelation. Two years passed away. In this interval we moved to Texas. In a meeting in Texas, when I was fifteen years old, I was persuaded to retain membership for further examination. Now came the period of reading Christian apologies and infidel books. What a multitude of them of both kinds! Hume, Paine, Volney, Bolingbroke, Rosseau, Voltaire, Taylor, Gibbon, et al, over against Watson, Nelson, Horn, Calvin, Walker, and a host of others. In the meantime I was at college, devouring the Greek,

Roman and oriental philosophies. At seventeen, being worn out in body and mind, I joined McCullough's Texas Rangers, the first regiment mustered into the Confederate service, and on the remote uninhabited frontier pursued the investigation with unabated ardor.

"But now came another event. I shall not name it. It came from no sin on my part, but it blasted every hope and left me in Egyptian darkness. The battle of life was lost. In seeking the field of war I sought death. By peremptory demand I had my church connection dissolved, and turned utterly away from every semblance of Bible belief. In the hour of my darkness I turned unreservedly to infidelity. This time I brought it a broken heart and a disappointed life, asking for light and peace and rest. It was now no curious speculation; no tentative intellectual examination. It was a stricken soul, tenderly and anxiously and earnestly seeking light. As I was in the first Confederate regiment, so I was in the last corps that surrendered; but while armies grappled and throttled each other, a darker and deadlier warfare raged within me. I do know this: my quest for the truth was sincere and unintermittent. Happy people whose lives are not blasted may affect infidelity, may appeal to its oracles from a curious speculative interest, and may minister to their intellectual pride by seeming to be odd. It was not so with me. With all the earnestness of a soul between which and happiness the bridges were burned, I brought a broken and bleeding, but honest heart to every reputed oracle of infidelity. I did not ask life or fame or pleasure. I merely asked

light to shine on the path of right. Once more I viewed the anti-Christian philosophies, no longer to admire them in what they destroyed, but to inquire what they built up, what they offered to a hungry heart and a blasted life. There now came to me a revelation as awful as when Mokanna, in Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' lifted his veil for Zelica.

"Why had I never seen it before? How could I have been blind to it? These philosophies, one and all, were mere negations. They were destructive, but not constructive. They overturned and overturned and overturned; but, as my soul liveth, they built up nothing under the whole heaven in the place of what they destroyed. I say nothing; I mean nothing. To the unstricken, curious soul, they are as beautiful as the aurora borealis on arctic icebergs. But to me they warmed nothing and melted nothing. No flowers bloomed and no fruit ripened under their cheerless beams. They looked down on my bleeding heart as the cold, distant, pitiless stars have ever looked down on all human suffering. Whoever in his hour of real need, makes abstract philosophy his pillow, makes cold, hard granite his pillow. Whoever looks trustingly into any of its false faces looks into the face of a Medusa, and is turned to stone. They are all wells without water, and clouds without rain. I have witnessed a drouth in Texas. The earth was iron and the heavens brass. Dust clouded the thoroughfares and choked the travelers. Water courses ran dry, grass scorched and crackled, corn leaves twisted and wilted, stock died around the last water holes, the ground cracked in fissures, and the song of birds died out in

parched throats. Men despaired. The whole earth prayed: 'Rain, rain, rain! O heavens, send rain!' Suddenly a cloud arises above the horizon and floats into vision like an angel of hope. It spreads a cool shade over the burning and glowing earth. Expectation gives life to desire. The lowing herds look up. The shriveled flowers open their tiny cups. The corn leaves untwist and rustle with gladness. And just when all suffering, trusting life opens her confiding heart to the promise of relief, the cloud, the cheating cloud, like a heartless coquette, gathers her drapery about her and floats scornfully away, leaving the angry sun free to dart his fires of death into the open heart of all suffering life. Such a cloud without rain is any form of infidelity to the soul in its hour of need.

"Who then can conjure by the name of Voltaire? Of what avail in that hour is Epicurus or Zeno, Huxley or Darwin? Here now was my case: I had turned my back on Christianity, and had found nothing in infidelity; happiness was gone, and death would not come. The Civil War had left me a wounded cripple on crutches, utterly poverty stricken and loaded with debt. The internal war of infidelity, after making me roll hopelessly the ever-falling stone of Sisyphus, vainly climb the revolving wheel of Ixion, and stoop like Tantalus to drink waters that ever receded, or reach out for fruit that could not be grasped, now left me bound like Prometheus on the cold rock, while vultures tore with beak and talons a life that could suffer but could not die.

"At this time two books of the Bible took hold of me with unearthly power. I had not a thought of their

inspiration, but I knew from my experience that they were neither fiction nor allegory—the book of Job and the book of Ecclesiastes. Some soul had walked those paths. They were histories; not dreams and not mere poems. Like Job, I believed in God; and like him, had cried: ‘Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! . . . Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: but he knoweth the way that I take.’ Like Job, I could not find answers in nature to the heart’s sorest need and most important questions; and, like Job, regarding God as my adversary, I had cried out for a revelation: ‘Oh, that one would hear me! behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book. Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me.’ Like Job, I felt the need of a mediator who as a man could enter into my case, and as divine could enter into God’s case; and, like Job, I had complained: ‘He is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and we should come together in judgment. Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both.’ And thus I approached my twenty-second year.

“I had sworn never to put my foot into another church. My father had died believing me lost. My mother—when does a mother give up a child?—came to me one day and begged, for her sake, that I would attend one more meeting. It was a Methodist camp

meeting, held in the fall of 1865. I had not an atom of interest in it. I liked the singing, but the preaching did not touch me. But one day I shall never forget. It was Sunday at eleven o'clock. The great wooden shed was crowded. I stood on the outskirts leaning on my crutches, wearily, and somewhat scornfully enduring. The preacher made a failure, even for him. There was nothing in his sermon. But when he came down, as I supposed to exhort as usual, he startled me not only by not exhorting, but by asking some questions that seemed meant for me. He said: 'You that stand aloof from Christianity and scorn us simple folks, what have you got? Answer honestly before God, have you found anything worth having where you are?' My heart answered in a moment: 'Nothing under the whole heaven; absolutely nothing.' As if he had heard my unspoken answer, he continued: 'Is there anything else out there worth trying, that has any promise in it?' Again my heart answered: 'Nothing; absolutely nothing. I have been to the jumping-off place on all these roads. They all lead to a bottomless abyss.' 'Well, then,' he continued, 'admitting there's nothing there, if there be a God, mustn't there be a something somewhere? If so, how do you know it is not here? Are you willing to test it? Have you the fairness and courage to try it? I don't ask you to read any book, nor study any evidences, nor make any difficult and tedious pilgrimages; that way is too long and time is too short. Are you willing to try it now; to make a practical, experimental test, you to be the judge of the result?' These cool, calm, and pertinent questions hit me with

tremendous force, but I didn't understand the test. He continued: 'I base my test on these two scriptures: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." But the preacher quoted it: "Whosoever willeth to do the will of God," showing that the knowledge as to whether the doctrine was of God depended not upon external action and not upon exact conformity with God's will, but upon the internal disposition—"whosoever willeth or wishes to do God's will." The old translation seemed to make knowledge impossible; the new, practicable. In the second scripture was also new light: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord," which means that true knowledge follows persistence in the prosecution of it—that is, it comes not to temporary and spasmodic investigation.

"So, when he invited all who were willing to make an immediate experimental test to come forward and give him their hands, I immediately went forward. I was not prepared for the stir which this action created. My infidelity and my hostile attitude toward Christianity were so well known in the community that such action on my part developed quite a sensation. Some even began to shout. Whereupon, to prevent any misconception, I arose and stated that I was not converted, that perhaps they misunderstood what was meant by my coming forward; that my heart was as cold as ice; my action meant no more than that I was willing to make an experimental test of the truth and power of the Christian religion, and that I was willing to persist in subjection to the test

until a true solution could be found. This quieted matters.

"The meeting closed without any change upon my part. The last sermon had been preached, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation was dispersing. A few ladies only remained, seated near the pulpit and engaged in singing. Feeling that the experiment was ended and the solution not found, I remained to hear them sing. As their last song, they sang:

‘O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?’

The singing made a wonderful impression upon me. Its tones were as soft as the rustling of angel's wings. Suddenly there flashed upon my mind, like a light from heaven, this scripture: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I did not see Jesus with my eye, but I seemed to see him standing before me, looking reproachfully and tenderly and pleadingly, seeming to rebuke me for having gone to all other sources for rest but the right one, and now inviting me to come to him. In a moment I went, once and forever, casting myself unreservedly and for all time at Christ's feet, and in a moment the rest came, indescribable and unspeakable, and it has remained from that day until now.

"I gave no public expression of the change which had passed over me, but spent the night in the enjoyment of it and wondering if it would be with me when the morning came. When the morning came it was still

with me, brighter than the sunlight and sweeter than the song of birds, and now, for the first time, I understood the scripture which I had often heard my mother repeat: 'Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands' (Isa. 55: 12).

"When I reached home, I said nothing about the experience through which I had passed, hiding the righteousness of God in my own heart; but it could not be hidden. As I was walking across the floor on my crutches, an orphan boy whom my mother had raised noticed and called attention to the fact that I was both whistling and crying. I knew that my mother heard him, and, to avoid observation, I went at once to my room, lay down on the bed, and covered my face with my hands. I heard her coming. She pulled my hands away from my face and gazed long and steadfastly upon me without a word. A light came over her face that made it seem to me as the shining on the face of Stephen; and then, with trembling lips, she said, 'My son, you have found the Lord.' Her happiness was indescribable. I don't think she slept that night. She seemed to fear that with sleep she might dream and wake to find that the glorious fact was but a vision of the night. I spent the night at her bedside reading Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I read it all that night, and when I came with the pilgrims to the Beulah Land, from which Doubting Castle could be seen no more forever, and which was in sight of the heavenly city and within sound of the heavenly music, my soul was filled with

such a rapture and such an ecstasy of joy as I had never before experienced. I knew then as well as I know now that I would preach; that it would be my lifework; that I would have no other work."

Few are the friends my life hath made,
Few are they who in my hand their hearts have laid
And these were women.

I am old and never yet have I been betrayed.

O woman, mother! Woman, wife!
Sweetest name the language knows,

Thy heart with pure affection rife,
Thy bosom with purest motive glows;

Thou queen, thou angel of my life.

—*Holland*

CHAPTER III

ELLEN BELL

"Her children arise and call her blessed."

It would be impossible to give an even approximately correct estimate of the character and work of B. H. Carroll without saying a word about the noble woman whose name heads this chapter.

They were married in 1866 in Burleson County, Texas. The petite young bride, "slender as a willow and graceful as a swan," had recently moved to Texas with her parents from Starkville, Mississippi. The tall, florid, rather picturesque young groom had recently emerged from a nightmare of infidelity, accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour and surrendered to preach his Word. She was seventeen, he was twenty-three. The war had ended a year ago and he still limped as a result of his army wound. Everything commercially was bankrupt. The churches paid practically nothing to their pastors. The only earthly possession they could boast was a feather bed given them by the bride's mother. But having each other they counted themselves rich and faced the future with a smile.

He was a brave and capable man but in all their struggles she fought half the battle and carried half the load. From the day of their marriage to the day

of her death, after thirty-one eventful years, she was to a noticeably unusual degree faithful and loyal to her husband and all his interests.

Temperamentally they seemed poles apart, but I never saw two people more congenial. He loved her with a devotion one never sees surpassed, and she, if possible, more than reciprocated his love. She had good early educational advantages, but was not a college-bred woman. She had an unusually bright mind, and spending her life in a scholarly and literary atmosphere she acquired a liberal education. She was quick, sometimes caustic in speech, but she had as kind a heart as ever beat in human breast. As I look back over her noble life I can truthfully say that the most biting word I ever heard her speak had the quality of love for its inception, and the essence of genuine kindness for its motive. She was not what modern authorities on "preacher's wifedom" would grade as a model for a professional preacher's wife. In fact, she never thought of herself as being officially, or even semi-officially, related to the church of which her husband was pastor. She counted herself on a level with other women in the church, with responsibilities and obligations and privileges and prerogatives just as great, but no greater. My own opinion of it is that her attitude was both sane and scriptural. I suppose she never conducted a public religious service in her life, and never functioned prominently in any woman's organization larger than the "Ladies' Aid," as they were then called, in her own church. Not that she was not capable of doing it, and not that she was not in demand for that sort of service, and not that she

underestimated the value of such service, but because in obedience to her own taste and judgment she chose, or perhaps I ought to say felt called, to serve in other capacities. Her choice in this matter received the unqualified approval of her husband. But if anybody supposes that because she did not function in any of these public spheres her influence was negligible he is reading history superficially. The man who studies the philosophy of Texas history will see that, all things considered, few, if any, of the noble women of Texas surpassed her in contribution to the real, best interests of the state. Without display, and often secretly, she was an angel of blessing to the poor and needy and heart-sore in her husband's church and among her neighbors. The unfortunate, the heart-broken, the derelict from every walk of life turned instinctively to this sturdy, genuine woman for help, for comfort, for rejuvenation. One of her sons used to say, "Mamma always has a string of lame ducks around." Most of this altruism was never known outside the family circle. To publish her benefactions in a "personal service" catalogue, or otherwise advertise them, never occurred to her. She adopted literally, and I always thought in an exaggerated way, the words of Jesus about not letting one hand know what the other hand is doing. If there could pass before my reader at this moment all the people she helped he would witness a very long and a very motley parade.

She was an open-faced, laughing, jolly, good-humored optimist. But she was not one of those superficial, spurious so-called optimists who sugar coat everything and whatever happens affect a smile on

the surface that will not come off. She knew how to frown. She knew how to wear a serious face. She knew how to utter a word of rebuke and protest sometimes almost blistering in its scathing sarcasm.

She was reared a Methodist. She always contested any intimation that she joined the Baptist church because she had married a Baptist preacher, stoutly maintaining that she took the step because in points differentiating the two denominations she believed the Baptists were right. On one point, however, she did not when I first knew her fully agree with the Baptists. She believed in the possibility of apostasy, or what is commonly called "falling from grace." She used to give three reasons for her position. (1) Observation. She had seen people who gave every evidence of having been converted renounce the faith. She would cite as a concrete example a prominent and very useful Methodist minister in Waco who became an infidel. (2) The freedom of the human will. She said if a saved man could not fall then the will was no longer free. (3) Certain scriptures seemed to imply it. The only passage I remember ever hearing her mention in this connection was the "if they fall away" passage in Hebrews 6: 4. An experienced Baptist may have no trouble answering these arguments, but I have more than once seen her "stump" a young Baylor theolog with them till he would not know which way to turn. She always said that while she believed in the possibility of falling she was pretty certain she would never do it, and thank God she did not. If any child of God ever "died in the faith" she

did. The fact is that in her mature years she outgrew and abandoned the doctrine.

I never saw anybody with a more fixed contempt for shams, nor have I ever seen anybody who took greater delight in exposing one. She especially delighted in performing that operation for her dearest friends. Dr. Carroll himself was often the half-amused, half-provoked victim of her pointed rapier. He sometimes indulged in a little innocent palaver and often suffered good humored exposure at her hands. Once, for example, Gen. A. T. Hawthorne came to spend the night with us. Normally we ate cold supper but that night we had hot batter cakes. At the beginning of the meal Dr. Carroll said in his blandest, most suave way, "Now Brother Hawthorne, we are making home folks of you by just giving you a taste of our ordinary family supper." With most people it would have been counted a pardonable euphemism, but not so with this embodiment of truth-telling honesty, so she said with a genial laugh: "Yes, General Hawthorne, we want you to feel at home, but don't let Mr. Carroll make you believe that we have hot batter cakes every night for supper."

A young preacher who had spent some time as a student in the Seminary, and who at the time of which I am about to speak was selling, or trying to sell, a patent churn, was often a guest in Dr. Carroll's home. He often insisted that the Doctor should pull up "lock, stock and barrel" and go to Louisville to the Seminary. Mrs. Carroll had grown a little tired of it; so one day when the young preacher said, "Brother Carrol—you just must go to the Seminary

—that is all you need to make you a great preacher,” the camel’s back broken by this last straw, Mrs. Carroll said: “Mr. ———, did not you go to the Seminary?” “Yes, Ma’am,” he answered, “I spent two years studying there.” “Well,” she said not more than half smiling, “why didn’t it make a great preacher of you?”

She was so transparent in her sincerity, so open and outspoken in her dealings and her attitudes that she was sometimes misunderstood by those who knew her only superficially. She never heard our recently imported word “camouflage,” and knew none of its tricks. She knew nothing of the veiled allusions in speech. Because of her plain, transparent, direct method in speaking some people on first acquaintance feared her, thinking her austere and unsympathetic of heart. But no genuine person ever knew her intimately who did not admire her, and recognize in her the sterling qualities of a genuinely noble, tender hearted, altruistic woman.

Their union was blessed with nine children. Three little girls—Hassie, Ellen and Hallie, and one boy, “Little Jimmie,” died in infancy. The third son, Guy Sears, died just as he entered manhood, and the first-born son, B. H., Jr., died in middle life in Spain where he was United States Consul. Of the three living, C. C. (Charles) is teaching theology in the Baptist Bible Institute at New Orleans, Kate is a missionary in Brazil, and Louise, the youngest of all, is the wife of a ranchman in New Mexico. Mrs. Carroll was not the coddling kind, but no group of children ever had a more tender, more devoted mother.

I have said that they seemed antipodes in temperament. By this very fact they were each a God-sent complement to the other. The weakness of one was supplemented by the strength of the other, and the exuberance of one was chastened by the thrift of the other. Dr. Carroll was a star-dwelling idealist. His wife was a matter-of-fact realist. If she often helped him by pulling him down from the stars he as often helped her by showing her the view from the mountain top. So far as his personal rights were concerned he was a dreamy pacifist who, while ready to die for the rights of others, would rather smoke a cigar and read a poem undisturbed than make a disturbance by contending for a little thing like his individual rights. On the other hand she had the elemental pioneer instinct for personal rights, and while she wanted all the others to have theirs she was ready to put up a fight any time for her own. If she helped him by sometimes shaking him and making him get out and defend his personal interests, he also helped her by leading her to see that it was sometimes good to "suffer wrong."

As a youth in the home I sometimes had occasion to writhe under her keen and always deserved and never bitter sarcasm, but to the day of my death I shall hoard as a string of pearls the memory of a thousand amazing acts of unmerited kindness shown me. The Baylor boys, many of whom were from time to time permitted to make her house their home, and all of whom loved her devotedly, used to say that she

would rub the salt in with one hand and pour on the healing balsam with the other.

I have known many noble women in my day, but in all the elements of genuine character she was the peer of the best I ever knew. It is now nearly thirty years since she passed to the other side, but today I thank God, and shall never cease to thank him, that in my youth I came under the wholesome influence of a woman so sincere, so genuine, so generous, so high-minded, so thoroughly religious without an atom of cant.

Dr. Carroll was certainly justified in what he said to me one night, "I could shut my eyes and trust her against the world."

His service in behalf of struggling causes in cities, in villages, in the remotest country places throughout all the vast domain of our imperial State must be cherished by uncounted thousands forever. He was indeed a very tribune of the people. Great as he was in intellect which was remarkably disciplined and informed; in an imagination soaring, towering and creative; in a memory, remarkably accurate and comprehensive; in a will so imperial that mountains were transformed into molehills before his tread, yet this man joyfully devoted his life to the people. No needy cause was ever neglected by him. He loved the people and gave them the richest and best of his life.—GEORGE W. TRUETT.

CHAPTER IV

FINDING HIMSELF

"The prudent man looketh well to his going."

Every young preacher after his surrender to the call to preach passes through an experimental period, sometimes short, sometimes longer, in which he suffers more or less travail of soul trying to find himself and posit himself in right alignment with the serious task to which, under God, he has put his hand. If that statement is true of the normal youth entering the ministry, how much more true was it of this youth whose previous thinking, conduct and normal course of life had been in such diametric conflict with the life expected in the ministry, and all of whose youthful ambitions had been so utterly remote from the idea of being a preacher. This youth, a recognized skeptic and almost scoffer; this youth, wild and dissipated (though never dissolute nor profligate); this youth, modestly conscious of unusual gifts, has found the pearl of great price. What will he do with it?

He tells us that he spent the first night after his conversion by his mother's bedside reading Pilgrim's Progress and that when the morning came he knew he would preach, that it would be his life-work, and that he would never have any other work. How

fortunate that so soon after deciding to preach he should reach such correct conclusions on the matter of his attitude to the work to which God had called him. Many good and able preachers have gone crippled through life because they did not, at the beginning, get a deep and permanent conviction that the task is so high and holy that it makes an imperious demand for all of a man's life. At the very beginning he seemed to have reached clear convictions as to the theory of ministerial consecration. Theoretically, he held to the proposition that the preacher should engage in no secular calling. But he was confronted by a condition that made it difficult to put his theory into practice. The war had just closed. Practically everybody was bankrupt. He was himself heavily in debt. It never occurred to him that entering the ministry could absolve him from these debts. They must be paid. The churches to which an inexperienced young Timothy was eligible, small, pioneer, war-wrecked country churches, paid practically nothing to their preachers. What shall he do? Men may differ as to what he ought to have done, but what he actually did was that for two or three years he taught school and preached to these discouraged country churches for the negligible pittance they could or would pay him.

But there are three reasons why no secularizing ministry of this day can legitimately draw any comfort from his example. (1) It is not the position of the mature man but the experiment of a callow, inexperienced youth trying to find the best way to adapt his theory to abnormal conditions before him.

(2) He did not quit preaching that he might teach school, but taught school that, in view of the extraordinary emergency confronting the country, he might keep on preaching. In this he may have violated the letter, but who will say that he violated the spirit of the doctrine of a fully consecrated ministry? (3) After almost three years of this experiment, he seems to have seen that it was not best, for we hear him saying about this time: "I made a solemn covenant with God that while I lived I would never have any other business or profession or calling than to preach the gospel—to give myself wholly to that, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish'—to turn back to any other *never, never, forever* . . . I was certain that whether I starved or fattened, it was my duty to preach the gospel."

Now what we have seen is that he started in with a correct view of the principle of a consecrated ministry. After a three years' effort to find himself in the practical application of that principle, his vision was fully clarified. He saw clearly that, whatever others might do, the only goal before him was to give himself wholly to preaching. He fixed his eye on that goal and to the day of his death never swerved from it the breadth of a hair. All his life his salary was pitifully small. There was never a time in his life when he could not have turned to secular business and in twelve months quadrupled his income. There was never a time when he could not have stayed in the ministry and adopted some secular supplementary side line and doubled his income. But from the time

he left Burleson County, when he had been preaching about three years, to the day when we planted his body in the historic cemetery at Waco, he never spent as much as one minute in any secular calling—either as a vocation or as an avocation.

But there was another principle he had to learn and another application of a principle he had to find through experimental travail, and that was the matter of the preacher and his money. I do not think that Dr. Carroll ever believed that the tithe was obligatory on a Christian as a matter of law. He differentiated too clearly between law and grace to fall into that error. But no man ever surpassed him in believing nor in forcefully teaching that a Christian, as a matter of gratitude purely within the realm of grace, ought to put into the Lord's treasury never less than a tithe of his income. I have often heard him say that, law or no law, a Christian ought to put as much money into the Lord's treasury as was required of a Jew. He said he had never believed anything else, even when he was an infidel. But he said for the first year or two of his ministry he did not practice it. Always free with his money, he probably gave his tenth, but his giving had been so sporadic and almost spasmodic that he could never tell just what per cent he really gave. When I was a school boy in his home he told me of his reaching the conclusion that he ought to tithe. After more than forty years it is, of course, impossible for me to repeat his words, but he said in substance that when he was converted he was terribly, and almost hopelessly, bur-

dened with debt. After two or three years he had reduced his debts considerably, but there was still enough to make life a nightmare. He had been called to New Hope Church in McLennan County. The night before they were to start for this new field he could not sleep for thinking of what he owed, and trying to find some way out. He arose and walked to the door of the cottage, almost a cabin, in which, with his wife and baby, he lived. They were both asleep. He was alone with God. There was no moon, but he said he had never seen so many stars. He had never so realized the almost palpable presence of God. He laid his debts before the Lord and asked that some way might open by which he could be delivered from this handicap to his ministry. Gradually there began to arise in his mind the troublesome question: "In your desire to pay other people have you not been robbing God?" Of course, no voice was heard, not even his own, but he said he had a most solemn dialogue with God. On his side he made all the stock arguments against giving the tenth—its legalism; being just before being generous; the dishonesty of giving money to one person when he owed it to another; the fact that in his spasmodic contributions he was probably giving as much as the tenth; the promise that as soon as he got a little better able he would do it. But he said the Lord answered every one of his arguments or excuses so thoroughly that it left him no standing room. He told much more, but the sequel was that, lifting his hand to heaven, he promised God that out of every cent of net income that

came to him henceforward, whether much or little, the Lord's treasury should get a tenth before anyone else got anything. He turned back into the cabin, awoke his wife, told her of the experience he had just had with God and the promise he had made, and asked her to join him in it. She agreed that it was right, but did not see how they could do it now and be just to people they owed. (Those who knew her and remember her scrupulous, almost meticulous, financial honesty will not be surprised that she balked longest when she came to that argument.) But the Doctor said, and I never knew whether he meant it seriously or facetiously, "I had just received my arguments from God and I knew I would be able to convince her."

Next day they loaded their scanty household furnishings on a neighbor's wagon and began the (then) three days' journey to New Hope Church. On that slow journey they discussed the matter still further. Let him finish the story in his own words (see his notes on Genesis): "I remember while sitting in the back end of a wagon I read that passage to my wife (referring to Jacob's vow to give a tenth). The circumstances were these. At the close of the war between the states, though crippled with wounds and bankrupt, I voluntarily assumed an ante-bellum debt of \$4,000 not legally my own and finally paid it all by selling everything I had but wife and baby, and was moving to a church on the promise of \$500 a year. (He had not yet paid \$3,000 of personal debts not included in the \$4,000 mentioned above.) I said: 'Now

wife, here is a time to settle our financial relation to God. We have not got a thing and we are sure to fail if he is not honored by us, and if he is honored we will succeed. Let us enter into a covenant right here that, whatever happens, we will give God one-tenth of every cent we make.' We did from that time on."

Of course, from the time I knew them to the end of the journey they gave far more than a tenth, but I have never known a home in which there was more conscientious figuring till they knew that that tenth was reached. They did not talk about it as much as some people I have known, but I never knew anyone who practiced it more religiously. He was not a superstitious man, and I never heard him guarantee to anybody that financial prosperity would follow tithing as the night follows the day, but I have heard him say many times that as soon as he began to tithe his debts began to melt as they never had before. Whether he regarded them as simply contemporaneous events or whether he regarded them as occupying the relation of cause and effect, I do not recall ever to have heard him say. But he often mentioned them together in such a way as to lead me to feel that he held to the notion—some people would say the naive notion—that they occupied to each other the relation of cause and effect. Paying the tithe the Cause—melting debts the Effect.

But while our young Timothy was somewhat awkwardly but very seriously and earnestly passing through these processes of finding himself, other

people were finding him. As intimated above, New Hope, then a strong country church ten miles south of Waco, called him in 1869 to be pastor. During his brief pastorate in this church he, with his young wife and baby (they had left one in the cemetery in Burleson County), lived in the old-fashioned plantation home of Gen. James Harrison. For the first time during their married life they knew what it was to live in a really comfortable home. Between the venerable and distinguished deacon and the young and obscure preacher there sprang up at once an ardent friendship which was never dimmed, and was only broken by Gen. Harrison's death ten years later. Many times I have heard Dr. and Mrs. Carroll speak of the blessing this friendship, and a year's sojourn in this home, brought into their lives. Throughout his life Dr. Carroll would now and then revert to this early friendship and feelingly express his appreciation of the fact that this distinguished man should in his old age be moved to form such a devoted friendship with an obscure young preacher.

But the gifts of this young preacher made obscurity impossible for him. For most of the time since the close of the Civil War Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, although over-burdened with the presidency of Waco University, had acted as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waco.

But in the latter part of 1869 he began to urge the church to call a pastor, that he might give his entire time to the school. While the church would have been glad to go on indefinitely with Dr. Burleson as perma-

ment supply pastor, the more thoughtful agreed with him that such a policy as a permanent arrangement would not be best for any of the parties concerned. Many of them had heard young Carroll in his nearby country church and many others had heard of him. After much deliberation and prayer, the brethren wanted to call him for pastor. So modest was he, and so uncertain of his ability to do the work as pastor of such a church, that he begged them to reconsider the matter and call someone else. When they refused to do that he proposed a compromise. He would agree to fill the pulpit two Sundays in each month for the year 1870 if Dr. Burleson would continue as acting pastor. This arrangement was made. It was voted to pay him \$500 a year, and Dr. Burleson \$900 a year. At the same conference a committee was appointed to secure, if possible, passes for both of them on the bridge across the Brazos. How amusing, in the twentieth century, are both these propositions! At the close of the year Dr. Carroll was chosen pastor for full time and his salary fixed at \$1,500 a year. After about fifteen years it was increased to \$2,000. A few years before the pastorate closed the salary was increased to \$2,500. He never lived in a pastor's home and the church seldom paid his way to conventions or other meetings, and it was a rare thing for him or his family to be made the recipient of gifts of any kind. This was not due to niggardliness on the part of the church nor did it mean any lack of appreciation of him. For no pastor was ever held in higher esteem. Two things explain it. In the first place,

such things were not as customary among the churches of those early days as they are now. In the second place, both he and his wife were so independent and self-reliant that they made a poor psychology for "poundings" or other donations. Their hands were always open—but open for giving, and not receiving.

President Carroll, Bible in hand, standardized orthodoxy in Texas. He rallied the hosts of the Baptists to the vital, ruling doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. He was greatly helped in this by his unswerving belief in the Scriptures. They were to him the voice of God speaking to his soul and to humanity with divine authority. He believed and therefore spake. He knew the drivel of modern criticism as few men in our day ever knew it. He knew its inherent weaknesses, its shallowness, its drift, its failure. He knew immeasurably more, he knew the Word of the Lord which endureth forever, and loved it with a martyr's love while he defended it with integrity and zeal
—J. B. GAMBRELL.

CHAPTER V

THE GOSPEL PREACHER

"Preach the Word."

In this chapter we shall think not of Dr. Carroll's general character as a preacher but of the way he functioned in the pulpit. What sort of sermons did he preach and how did he preach them, and what gave them power? We are to analyze the man actually in the pulpit and point out some of the elements of his strength, and incidentally, if we may, some elements of weakness.

But preparatory to a detailed discussion of certain specific elements of pulpit power or weakness may we give a moment to considering his conception of the act of preaching in general? To him preaching was the knightliest, most chivalrous, most appealing, most romantic task to which man ever set his hand. I am sure he never read Sylvester Horne's thrilling book, "The Romance of Preaching," for it appeared about the time of his last illness, but if he could have seen it he would have reveled in it. Everything it said about the thrilling romance of preaching he would have hailed as a message from heaven.

Before the Baptist General Convention at Belton, in 1892, he preached a remarkable sermon. The sermon was remarkable, not so much for its oratorical

or homiletical quality as for its permanent and far-reaching influence in setting a standard for the Texas Baptist ministry. The theme was "A Sermon to Preachers." The text was, "I magnify mine office" (Romans 11: 18). Perhaps the most striking thing about this sermon is the fact that incidentally it reveals his exalted conception of the task of preaching. I doubt if any other single address ever delivered in Texas has done as much toward giving the preachers of the State a true sense of the chivalry of the gospel ministry. But that its influence was not confined to the preachers is evident from the following words concerning it from the pen of Dr. S. P. Brooks:

"One sermon suggests a matter all too personal to be mentioned here except with the hope that good has come and may yet come to others. It was on the theme, 'I magnify mine office.' The preacher's office was held aloft, not the big preacher's alone, but the little preacher's as well. The dignity of the work he showed not to be limited to the city pastors alone, but extended to the humble country workers as well. He exalted the work of the ministry to such a point that it presented the one single time in my life that I wished I were in its service. Up to the time I heard Dr. Carroll preach on this great theme I had in spirit resented all my life the hardships incident to the life of my own father who, as a country preacher, had labored on the farm and in the school-room for a living while he literally gave his life for others in unremunerative toil. I grew up in rebellion that my mother, a cultured, educated woman, should

endure the toils incident to the home of the country pastor and missionary. I honestly felt that somehow they did not get a square deal. Then came Dr. Carroll's sermon. He exalted the preacher and crushed my arrogant pride. He spoke a language that my father and mother had long known well, and he spoke it in such terms that I began to see a meaning in pastoral ministrations to which I had been a stranger theretofore. I left the house with a broken spirit. My heart was crushed. I went to bed that night with sleepless eyes. I cried the live long night. I could not get away from the picture Dr. Carroll had drawn. Morning came. With it, a joy that had not been mine before. I was glad my father was a preacher, and a little one at that, as the world counts greatness. I felt a new kinship and spoke a new language. I had been born again as to appreciation of what constitutes a really noble purpose in life."

In this sermon he said: "I maintain that there is no other office known among men that calls for the kind and degree of qualifications which God's Word requires for the ministerial office. He must have gifts, graces and character such as no human law requires for any earthly office." With that conception of preaching no wonder it stirred every noble impulse in his great soul. With that conception of preaching even those of us with meagre gifts ought to make useful, even if we cannot be great preachers.

But hear him again. In that same sermon he says: "Pardon a personal reference, for men only theorize when they go beyond their personal experience. In

delivering addresses on other subjects I have been singularly free from embarrassment, but I never stand up to preach without trembling. It is not stage fright, for perhaps I esteem too lightly the judgment of men and women, whether expressed in praise or censure. But there is something about preaching which affects me even more than the approach of death. I never refuse to preach on any proper occasion when invited—I love to preach. I was not driven into the ministry. I never fled from God's message like Jonah. I never hide behind modest apologies, but I never in my life stood up to preach except once—which exception I profoundly regret—without first isolating myself from all human company, even the dearest, and prostrating myself in spirit before the dread and awful God, imploring him in deepest humility to bless me that one time. Perhaps I am wrong. I would not judge harshly, but I cannot rid myself of the conviction that a man who can lightly, who can arrogantly, who can with seeming effrontery of manner, get up in the pulpit, get up unstaggered with the weight of responsibility resting upon him, get up as an ambassador for God, as if God was his ambassador, is disqualified for this holy office. Just think of it seriously. Eternal interests hinge on the sermon. Every sentence may be freighted with eternal weal or woe. Every word may be the savor of life unto life or death unto death. Would anyone of deep moral sense deliver idly or lightly even a political oration if every word uttered might be a winged bullet of death or a message of reprieve from a death sentence? What

must be his moral character, what the turpitude of his nature, if he was more concerned to display his wit or logic or eloquence than to measure the effect of his speech on human suffering or joy? But can such trifling, however selfish, compare with his, who, standing up for God in matters which cost the life of Christ and engaged the attention of three worlds—men, angels and devils—who stands up as heaven's agent to dispense terms of life and conditions of pardon, or to denounce eternal judgments and there poses as a wit or attitudinizes as a rhetorician or plays the actor as if the whole service were a theatrical display, and heaven and hell were but scenic paintings to accentuate his dramatic talent!"

In these quotations we have in his own words his view of the tremendous seriousness of the act of preaching. Let us now turn to our task of seeking to discover and point out in detail some of his characteristic qualities when he came to function in the pulpit.

The first thing to be mentioned is his magnificent body. He was beyond all controversy the most strikingly handsome man I ever saw. Men who had never seen him before would meet him in a busy street and turn to watch him for half a block as he walked away. He and I, walking up Main Street in Houston one day, met two negroes. After they had passed us they stopped, and one said to the other: "Gee! Ain't dat de finest looking white man you ever lamped in all yo' life?" Of course, he did not hear it, but when I told him about it afterward he

said with a quaint smile, "Well, Jeff, which one of us do you suppose the darky was talking about?" Those of my readers who happen to know me personally will see the joke.

Two Baylor boys, neither of them a church member, were talking. One of them said he got tired of Dr. Carroll's sermons because they were so long. The other said, "I get tired of his sermons sometimes, too, but I never get tired of looking at him." He stood six feet four in height, straight as an arrow, and carried not an ounce of surplus flesh. He was graceful, not with the nimble grace of the gazelle, but with the sturdy grace of an oak. His flowing beard, auburn in youth, white in middle life, gave him the mien of a prophet. His gesticulation was so natural and unstudied and easy that it made you think of motion set to music. His voice, though not always well controlled, was full of music and feeling, and, once heard, was never forgotten. His gray eye, mild and benevolent normally, pierced like a stiletto when in argument and in moments of impassioned oratory glowed—nay, blazed like fire.

It will be seen from what I am saying that he had more than a big, handsome body. He had along with that body a wonderfully attractive, fascinating, compelling personality. Seeing that physical machine in action in the pulpit, one could not be blind to the fact that there was an "inner manhood" fighting its way out and passionately seeking to give voice to all it knew of hope and help for struggling human souls.

Another element of his strength in the pulpit was his vocabulary. They say the average educated man uses about 10,000 words, and that Woodrow Wilson used about 60,000. Of course, comparisons here are impossible, but it seemed to me he had command of a larger number of words, and used them more accurately, than any other man I ever heard. I do not remember ever seeing him hesitate for a word, and where words were practically synonymous it seemed to me he always chose that synonym best adapted to express the exact shade of thought in his mind. He was not a linguist. He knew no Hebrew, had only a working knowledge of Greek, but was a master in Latin and an expert in English. He learned his Latin and Greek in college, but throughout his whole life he was an ardent student of English. I do not mean simply that he studied literature printed in English. I mean that he was a persistent student of the English language—its grammar, its composition, the etymology of its words. The first time I ever heard the word “philology,” he used it. It was this being at home with his mother-tongue, together with the life-long study of logic, that made it possible for him in preaching to state a proposition with such clarity as to carry conviction, often without the necessity of argument.

But another element of his preaching strength was the comprehensive quality of his mind. If he chose a text every scripture in the Bible, even remotely connected with it, marched before him, and every doctrine cognate with it was subject to his call. When he laid down a proposition, every witness to prove

it and every argument to reenforce it came trooping before him. If it was a matter for debate he saw everything on his opponent's side as clearly as on his own. But let none of us lazy men suppose that this was an almost superhuman gift with which God had endowed him and which he has denied us. These co-ordinate ideas that flocked about him when he fastened his mind on a text or a theme were the legitimate children of long, patient, laborious, painstaking investigation. His mind comprehended in the large because, through weary processes of study, he had forced it to apprehend in the detail.

If he spoke today on the creation story in Genesis and every passage in the Bible bearing on that subject seemed to be at his finger's end, it was not the result of magic nor of supernatural gifts, but of hard study—not Aladdin's lamp, but the plain old midnight lamp. However high one may rank him in the sphere of intellectual invention, I think all who knew him will agree that he was more investigative than inventive. Dr. J. B. Gambrell read little, Dr. Carroll literally read everything and all the time. Dr. Gambrell's mind was inventive, not investigative. It was the other way around with Dr. Carroll. Would it be nearly right if we said concerning these two great men that Dr. Gambrell's method was seventy-five per cent invention, twenty-five per cent investigation; while Dr. Carroll's was seventy-five per cent investigation, twenty-five per cent invention?

To some of us it seemed almost a weakness that he could not preach on a theme without covering all

the ground. We felt that he took too much time at the beginning giving his theme its proper scriptural setting and clearing away the underbrush. We felt that it took too long to get his gun unlimbered and ready for action. One of his most ardent admirers said of him: "I had the greatest difficulty in adjusting the numerous scriptures he always read. I came to take it as a matter of course that they were all necessary and would all be used before the sermon was complete. His deliberateness weighed heavily at first. I wanted faster movement." But this good friend shows that the criticism some of us felt like making was perhaps superficial, when he goes on to say: "However, the reward always came to him who listened and waited. Like a woodman, he cleared the underbrush in order to get to the great trees, and he invariably got to the trees of spiritual value. Right and left the chips flew. The axe was never slow, being once raised. As the mighty giants were felled I seemed sometimes to hear their crash—the creaking of the limbs as they went down. When it was over I sometimes found myself positively tired from mental strain. I have left the house glad beyond words that my student days were under the ministrations of so great a man and preacher."

But he was a mighty preacher because he possessed to an unusual degree the historic imagination. He knew history. I doubt if any of my readers ever saw or will ever see a man knowing more of the history of the world, or knowing it more accurately, or having a better understanding of its philosophy. But

the most remarkable thing about his relation to the world's history was his unusual power to dramatize a scene in history before the eyes of his audience. He had never traveled abroad, but his description of places and scenes of the Old World had all the realistic vividness of an eye-witness. When in the ecstasy of one of his oratorical flights every man in history whose name he called arose from the dead a living soul and marched before him, and by the witchery of his words he made him march before you reincarnated. In his delivery he had none of the tricks of the elocutionist and never indulged a movement that anybody would call theatrical, and yet, to a remarkable degree, he had real dramatic instinct. This gift, combined with (perhaps an element in) the historical imagination, made him a master of assemblies. He made the truth to live in the persons of men and women whom he called up from the dead and caused to walk before you. You did not simply hear a preacher telling a story of Judas betraying the Lord—you saw him do it. When men heard him they knew they had heard a great orator. But they knew more than that. They knew they had seen a great truth visualized before them—either in the person of the speaker himself or in the person of characters whom he had made walk and talk and live and breathe before them.

But another thing that made him a mighty man in the pulpit was his broad, deep knowledge of human nature. I have said elsewhere that he was not a good judge of men, and there is no inconsistency between

that statement and this. He knew the principles that govern human action and the motives that appeal to the human soul, and knew how to utilize these principles and motives in dealing with an audience. But when it came to personal dealings with individuals he was never quite safe because he could not bring himself to realize that men are not always moved by the high motives and controlled by the lofty principles they profess. In dealing with audiences he always proceeded on the theory that they would be controlled by the highest principles and moved by the loftiest motives (witness his addresses on prohibition and on closing the Cotton Palace on Sunday). By this method he won those susceptible to that sort of talk and shamed the rest to at least temporary silence.

He knew that men won by an appeal to low motives were never really won, so he never used that appeal. He knew the "twist of the wrist" by which he could carry an audience with him by an appeal to the baser motives, but there is not a case on record, either in the pulpit or on the platform, where he resorted to that method. He knew human nature too well to be deceived into the idea that any permanent good could be done by arousing men's passions and carrying a point by an appeal to the "ears of the groundlings." This star he followed everywhere. He followed it as conscientiously when speaking to a street rabble on the whiskey question as when speaking to a college group on the idealism of Jesus. His refusal to use these low motives was not due to the fact that he did not know how to do it, nor to any ignorance of the

temporary advantage of doing it, but due rather to the fact that he knew that winning disciples by such a method would do harm, both to the people won and to the cause to which they were won.

He has been criticized for not appealing more to the emotions, and it has been said that had he been a better judge of human nature he would have done so. Not at all. He was too good a judge of human nature not to know that any emotional reaction would be spurious and temporary if not bottomed on a quickened conscience, an enlightened intellect, and a reasonably deliberate judgment. He purposely refused to do permanent harm by using his gifts to win temporary success for his cause or temporary applause for himself, through methods resulting in an output so essentially superficial and evanescent. Along with the power to stir the superficial emotions and arouse the baser passions of men, he had the gift of a conscience. The God-given conscience curbed and sublimated the God-bestowed power.

But if anyone maintains that a more frequent appeal to the emotions would have increased the effectiveness and permanent value of his preaching, I shall not dissent, provided the criticism applies to the preaching of his later years.

This chapter must close with a brief reference to the biblical quality of his preaching. He implicitly accepted the Bible—the whole Bible—as the inspired Word of God, and unhesitatingly yielded to its authority. On any question a clear “thus saith the Lord” was to him the decision from the highest court

of appeal. He believed all the Bible to be true in all that it taught, but his mind was too keenly discriminating to allow him to be trapped by any modern so-called Fundamentalist into saying that it is all literal. He was orthodox, and what might be called an ultra-conservative on the plenary and even the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, but he never felt the necessity of bolstering his orthodoxy by denying that the Bible often teaches deep spiritual truth by means of figurative language. His unquestioning acceptance of the whole Bible as the sure expression of God's will to men gave a positiveness to his preaching having almost the weight of authority. He was never dogmatic in expressing his own opinion, but was dogmatic without apology when proclaiming the will of God as set forth in his Word.

Because of his thoroughgoing acceptance of the whole Bible as the Word of God and his consequent reverence for it, and lifelong study of it, his sermons were literally saturated with scripture truth and loaded with scripture texts. Indeed, he marshaled so many scriptures, piling Pelion upon Ossa, that some of us have wondered if he did not sometimes thereby confuse rather than convince his hearer. But even granting that he sometimes overtaxed the weaker brethren in the multitudinous proof texts he cited, his type of preaching, the biblical type, has exerted a most wholesome influence and deserves to be more widely imitated. He has set our preachers a noble example in the homiletic use of the Bible. He has shown how thorough biblical preaching can be made

both attractive and effective. There is nothing that the people, even twentieth century people, want when they go to church more than to have the Bible explained. The man who knows it and skilfully explains it will always have somewhere to preach, and somebody to preach to, e'en down to old age. Witness B. H. Carroll.

One of the surest tests of the quality of a book is its power to survive. The test of survival is also an accurate test of the worth of a life. B. H. Carroll's pastoral work abides. Through twenty-eight years, from 1871 onward, he labored as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Waco, rising from assistant to be one of the most notable pastors Southern Baptists have ever had, giving to the First Church an unimpeachable orthodoxy and practice, an unsurpassed liberality in contributions of lives and money, and an unrivalled exemplary leadership based on merit and influence. For eleven years I have found his deep, abiding footprints everywhere about here. He hovers like a great, benign, inspiring spirit over us all. He has an immortality on earth as well as in heaven.—J. M. DAWSON.

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT PASTORATE

"For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

If anybody supposes that back in the pioneer time when he came to be its pastor the one Baptist church in Waco was composed of illiterate and uncouth people, he reveals his ignorance of Texas history. When B. H. Carroll came to it the church had less than three hundred members, but if space and taste permitted I could from memory call scores of names in that congregation who, for education, refinement, culture, noble citizenship and high Christian ideals, would compare favorably with the cream of any church congregation then or now on the American Continent. The Waco of 1926 is the legitimate child of the Waco of 1866. If she is called the Athens of Texas today it is only a patronymic of the ancestral title worn by her sixty years ago. As a glove fits the hand, it was easy to foresee that our young Timothy, brilliant and cultured and spiritual, would fit into this congenial atmosphere.

Discussing it, he says: "I greatly distrusted my fitness for the important position. I was young and inexperienced. The church had great and wise men in it. I told the brethren that perhaps they had made

a mistake, but that the cord which bound us as pastor and people should be a rope of sand when they wanted it broken, but a cable as long as they wanted it to hold."

It is of record that when he entered the pastorate he told the church that he would have nothing to say then or afterward about his own salary, that they must care for that while he gave himself to "preaching the necessity of coming up to a high mark on every local and every denominational work." He literally lived up to his part of the compact. No man ever heard him utter a word in public that even hinted at the betterment of his own financial condition, and no man ever saw him falter when it came to an appeal for money for kingdom interests apart from his own support. It took business judgment and economy and sacrifice to "make ends meet" on the salary he received, particularly for the first fifteen or twenty years. But nobody ever heard him raise his voice or saw him turn his hand to bring about an increase of salary. Some preachers thought then, and some think now, that he was extreme in his position that the preacher should have nothing to say about his own salary further than a definite agreement as to what the salary should be. He believed the preacher out of place when, as he used to put it, he "begins tinkering with the matter of his own salary." He gave three reasons for his position: (1) A matter of conscience. He did not think he ought to do it. (2) A matter of chivalry—his self-respect would not let him do it. (3) A matter of policy—he thought it

would make bad matters worse for him to do it. Partly because he said it, but partly, also, because of a rather long experience and observation I am led to the conviction that his position is the only safe, sane, sound one, even for the twentieth century preacher. "Don't tinker with the matter of your own salary, and, furthermore, don't let your 'thinker' dwell too much on it," would be good advice for the modern as well as the pioneer young preacher.

But another thing that made his a stable pastorate was that he cordially recognized and conscientiously practiced the principle that in the matter of devotion and service nothing must come between him and his pastorate. During the three years I was in Baylor I am sure he was not out of his pulpit a dozen times on Sunday during the school term. He gave no time to purely social functions as represented by clubs, lodges, etc. I think he maintained his standing in one of the lodges by keeping his dues paid throughout his life, but I am sure he did not average attending a lodge meeting once in five years. To him the business of being pastor of a church was so all-absorbing that he had neither time nor heart for side shows. Having more space on the main line than he had cars to utilize, he could not see the wisdom of running any of his cars on side tracks. Once he left his pastorate temporarily to make a campaign for state-wide prohibition. Occasionally in great emergencies he would go out for Missions or Christian Education and now and then to hold a revival meeting. But to him for twenty-nine years the biggest thing in the world was

the First Baptist Church at Waco, Texas, and in his thinking the preeminent duty of life was to make the right sort of pastor for that church. He had a heart for all the world-girdling enterprises and helped them with the hand of a master, but he never forgot that the pulpit of the First Baptist Church at Waco was his throne. We talk about his far-reaching work for the state, the nation, and the world, but whether they realize or appreciate it or not, the fact is that the very cream of this man's life was given to the people of Waco and McLennan County. F. M. McConnell mentions his declining an invitation for a free trip through the North and East because it would take him away from a fifth Sunday meeting of Waco Association. That is the literal truth and I could tell him some more just like it. He was not a fanatic, circumscribing his influence by provincialism, either. The truth is, the great things he came to do in later life were possible because he did this thing. Whatever may be his other gifts and opportunities, the preacher can have no nobler ambition than to make the right sort of shepherd for the little local flock committed to his care. Woe unto him if he chafes under the idea that the pastorate is a little "pent-up Utica," not affording sufficient scope for his gifts. This most gifted man ever among us counted it all joy to put in twenty-nine years out of the very heart of his life in one little pastorate.

Another thing giving permanency to his pastorate was his conscientious conviction that he was responsible for the conduct, for the moral and spiritual wel-

fare of the people whose names were in his list of church membership. If any were wayward, either in faith or practice, he "labored with them" between him and them alone. If they did not hear him he did not hesitate to bring it before the church. If they did not hear the church the body withdrew fellowship from them. In his thinking no man ever got too big to be the subject of his personal pastoral admonition, and if that failed, church discipline. I have seen some of the biggest men Waco ever produced arraigned before the church for unchristian conduct or for heresy in doctrine. Sometimes by the faithful dealing of pastor and church they were brought to confession and promised amendment, resulting in a formal vote of forgiveness and retention in membership. But sometimes, in the absence of a professed repentance or not being satisfied with the genuineness of the repentance professed, the church withdrew fellowship from them. So genuine and shepherd-like was his attitude to these subjects of discipline that I never knew him to forfeit the respect and confidence of one of them. Among his closest friends and most ardent admirers in Waco were men, big men, who had been excluded from the church on his recommendation. So much so that in most cases these men were ultimately reclaimed to normal Christian life and church membership. Nobody ever failed to understand that with him church discipline was not a matter of inflicting punishment upon a person but a matter of taking care of the good name of the church. It was his insistence upon this broad,

impersonal principle that made it possible for him to lead in a church trial without losing the love of the offender, and to have a church trial without causing schism and strife and periodical bitterness in the church. It is true that in his thinking, preaching was the big business; it is also true that in the latter half of his pastorate his deafness made normal pastoral visiting impracticable. It is also true that, particularly in the latter half of his pastorate, outside denominational responsibilities were, without his seeking and often over his protest, laid upon him. But none of these things sidetracked him from the shepherd habit of giving personal pastoral attention to any member of his flock needing the shepherd's helping hand.

Another thing that gave virility and durability to this pastorate was that his was a teaching ministry. He was an eloquent preacher. Sometimes his sermons had the roar and sweep of a cyclone, and in almost every sermon there were here and there bursts of oratory that almost swept men off their feet. But with all that his preaching was rigidly didactic. Whatever may be said about his other intellectual qualities and ministerial gifts, his outstanding gift was that of a teacher. Those who regularly attended upon his ministry were so taught in the Word of God that they knew what they believed and why they believed it. One of the most prominent and effective preachers in the South declares that practically all he knows about theology was learned while a non-ministerial

student in Baylor from the preaching of B. H. Carroll.

The modern would-be expert in religious pedagogy has fallen into the superficial habit of trying to make an essential difference between teaching and preaching. He implies, if he does not definitely declare, that they are functions to be performed by two separate persons and that to possess a gift for one disqualifies a man for the other. B. H. Carroll not only did not believe that doctrine but was a standing illustration of its absurdity. He knew that the New Testament gives no ground for such arbitrary, artificial and mechanical distinction. He maintained always that a pulpit performance that did not teach was not preaching.

He made this a permanent and outstanding pastorate by exalting its pulpit. He often said, "As water will not rise above its level, so no church will ever rise permanently above its pulpit." He gladly recognized many other elements of strength—the choir, the Sunday school, young people's unions, women's work, careful organizations, etc., and to all these he gave encouragement and personal leadership, but he made no secret of the fact that in his thinking the biggest human unit of a church was its pulpit. He guarded it from encroachment from whatever source as scrupulously as the angel with its flaming sword guarded the tree of life.

If he were alive today he would favor the unified program that merges the Sunday school into the preaching service without a break, but he would be

so keen to have a proper psychology for his sermon that he would find some way to prevent fifteen, twenty or thirty minutes set apart for the preaching service being given to the purely mechanical task of discovering the number of 100 per cent classes, 100 per cent pupils, detailed comparative statements of attendance and collections class by class as between this Sunday and last, and a yard-long string of announcements about athletic stunts, boy-scout hikes, class or department social functions, *et id omne genus*. He would encourage all these things, but he would find some way to foster them without creating an atmosphere in his preaching hour so driveling and commonplace as to make it impossible for any man to preach a sermon with the best spiritual effect.

But he felt that if he kept everything else out of the pulpit he was under double obligation to put something in it, to make his sermon in the pulpit really worth while. He gave time and thought and tireless labor to other departments of his church work, but the strength of his life was spent on his preparation for the pulpit. He believed that a weak pulpit explains most of our church failures and transient pastors and that a pulpit from which emanates strong, manly, spiritual, thoroughly prepared sermons, preached by a man of clean, sane life, guarantees the possibility of both a permanent and an effective pastorate. Whatever else a man may be able to do, if his sermons are weak his pastorate is apt to be ephemeral as to duration, vapid as to quality and negligible as to effectiveness. When a preacher makes up

his mind to substitute something else for strong biblical sermons he is on the road to disaster. There is no reason to swing to the other extreme and ignore everything else, but it is historically true that spiritual religion has always declined in those communions that made little of preaching.

Another thing that gave strength and length to this pastorate was that he faithfully tried to do all the work a pastor ought to do. Many pastorates are short, vapid and inconsequential because the preachers in them are too lazy, or too timid, or too pre-occupied, or too inefficient to do the full work of a pastor. They can't take a collection, they can't hold a revival meeting, they can't indoctrinate the church, they can't rebuke sin. When any of these things are to be done they have to get some outsider to come and do it. It was never so with B. H. Carroll. Look at the facts.

No man ever loved the Secretaries of our Boards more than he and yet never in his life did he feel the necessity of sending for one of them, or any other magnetic money-getter, to come and take a collection for him. He took his own collections and did it as a matter of principle. In the first place, he held, quite properly, that the pastor, if he is at all the right sort of man, could get more money from his people in a collection than anybody else in the world; and he held, furthermore, that money given under the leadership of the pastor would be given with a better motive and in a better spirit than under any other conditions, and he contended, still further, that a good

collection taken by the pastor heightened the respect of the people for him and tightened his grip on their hearts.

I suppose no man ever lived who believed more thoroughly in evangelism, who contended more stoutly for the evangelistic functions, or who recognized more fully the incomparable value of the evangelist. And yet, when revival meetings were to be held in his own church, his rule was to hold them himself. I am safe in saying that in twenty-nine years he did not send out a half dozen times to get help for a revival meeting.

He felt the same way about indoctrinating his people. If his people, or any group of them, needed to be taught it never occurred to him to send off for some supposed pedagogical expert, but he took his Bible in his hand and won their respect by teaching them himself.

The same thing was true about rebuking sin. If his flock was going astray, he did not "lie down on his job" and send off for some social service reformer, skilled in invective, to come and skin his sheep. No, no. He said, "That is my task. It is an unpleasant task, but as pastor of this flock God has laid that task on me." And, with the courage of a lion and the tenderness of the shepherd, he faced the task. Witness his sermon on "The Modern Dance," his sermon on "Closing the Cotton Palace on Sunday," his anti-whiskey sermon on "Do Thyself No Harm," his sermon against gambling, etc.

Nobody who knew him even slightly needs to be told that none of this was because he was bumptious or self-opinionated, or felt that nobody could do these things as well as he could. He took this position because he believed that in the very constitution of the pastoral office God had made the doing of these things both his duty and his privilege, and he was unwilling to shirk the one or be robbed of the other.

A further element of strength in this pastorate was that fulfilling the scripture injunction he maintained "a good report of them which are without." For obvious reasons, there were men in Waco who did not like him, but none who did not respect him. There were perhaps some who, for selfish reasons, even hated him, but none who despised him. Whatever may have been the opinion of this man or that concerning him in other matters, everybody knew that he was a man of unimpeachable integrity—straight, honest, honorable, trustworthy. Take just one illustration. When he moved to Fort Worth and needed money to build his home on Seminary Hill the business interests in Waco had given him such a good name that he walked into a Fort Worth bank and borrowed \$5,000 on his plain note, without any form of security. A Waco banker said, "We always let Mr. Carroll fix his own line of credit because we know he will never borrow a dollar unless he sees beforehand how he is going to pay it back." That was not because he was tall and handsome. That was because he had made for himself a good name by always doing what he said he would. He was scrupulously

careful in the matter of trust funds, so much so that he used to insist that an itemized statement, giving name, date and amount of every dollar received and paid out by him in the interest of the denomination should be published in the Convention Annual. When finally the brethren decided to discontinue it they had some trouble convincing him that it was an unnecessary use of space in the minutes. In the matter of using a denominational position or any public trust for personal graft, he was like the Indian's tree—so straight he leaned the other way. No relative of his ever drew a salary from public funds by his appointment. If propriety would permit I could give a page out of his life on this matter that would cause any man who respects Spartan devotion to principle to uncover his head in recognition of a self-immolation for conscience' sake as heroic as ever drew the blood of a martyr.

But he was straight, not merely in money matters, but in every question involving character and reputation. From the day he entered the ministry to the day of his death, there was never a shadow of suspicion nor a breath of scandal attaching to any phase of his life either as a gentleman or a Christian.

Thus have I suggested some of the qualities that made it possible for him to remain in one pastorate twenty-nine years and make that pastorate the outstanding one of its time. From the time he had been in Waco five years to the time he retired from the pastorate, his was easily the foremost Baptist church in the state. I am not unmindful of other

tremendous forces that entered into its making and I do not depreciate any of them when I say that the most potent human force in the making of the First Baptist Church at Waco was B. H. Carroll. When he gave up that pastorate every time he met five grown people on the streets of Waco, or anywhere in McLennan County, one of them would be a Baptist. Here, too, I admit that there were other forces, and I will take in one of them by saying that the Baptist preeminence in Waco and McLennan County is due more to the joint labor of B. H. Carroll and R. C. Burleson than to all other human agencies combined. Neither of them could have made the achievements put to his credit without the collaboration and reinforcement of the other. I loved them both and I think I can do justice to both. I should despise myself if I should seek to take a star from the crown of one to increase the lustre of the other. I not only freely admit but boldly contend that B. H. Carroll could not have put Baptist ideals into the warp and woof of McLennan County as he did without the help of R. C. Burleson and the school he built. And, on the other hand, it is equally true that R. C. Burleson could not have built the Baylor we know without the help of B. H. Carroll and the church he built.

Since this pastorate closed, another, and only one other, has developed in Texas that equals it, both as to length of service and as to denominational dynamic. I am sure that it is more than a mere coincidence that this pastorate is filled by a man who gladly affirms

that both his theological training and his pastoral ideals were received from B. H. Carroll while for years an inmate of his home and a member of his church.

B. H. Carroll was a peerless statesman. His knowledge of the principles of our government was as accurate and thorough as that of any publicist of our day. With the history of the United States at his tongue's end and with a critical knowledge of every step in the unfolding of the nation's life, he was the best equipped man in the realm of statesmanship it has ever been mine to know. . . . When current history shall have become archives and when the stately figure of B. H. Carroll shall outline itself against the background of time, the world will then know that in our own day, touching elbows with us, sacrificing for us, laboring with us, and giving to us of his time, energies, zeal, strength, power, and leadership, none loomed larger in the life of the great Christian world.—J. B. CRANFILL.

CHAPTER VII

SEER AND KINGDOM STATESMAN

Dr. Carroll was almost unerring in his judgment of matters of policy and principle. He was not a good judge of men. In fact, at this point he was little better than a child. Himself so honest and sincere it was almost impossible for him to imagine duplicity in others. In his eyes one worthy deed covered a multitude of sins, whether precedent or subsequent. So deep was his sense of gratitude that one act of kindness shown him made it hard for him ever thereafter to see any fault in his benefactor. It was almost impossible for his chivalrous soul to detect a fault in a friend. Once committed to a man in bonds of friendship he was the hardest man to shake loose I ever saw. Taking advantage of this strong weakness shrewd men often imposed on him and sometimes greatly embarrassed him.

I realize that what I have just been saying would almost commit me to the idea that no sincere, kind-hearted man can be a good judge of the character of other men. I do not quite mean that, but I do mean that sincerity and kindness of heart discount the probability of a man's seeing the weak points in the character of another, and to that extent prevent his

accurately foreseeing what might be his reaction under given conditions. I think my reader will agree that, as far as his observation goes, the warm-hearted, ingenuous man is usually what we call a poor judge of human nature. But whatever the explanation of the phenomenon it remains true beyond controversy that Dr. Carroll was a poor judge of men, and often paid dearly for the luxury of trusting everybody.

But while he was too ingenuous and kind-hearted to be a good judge of men he was an almost infallible counselor in matters of doctrines and principles and policies. I learned to give little heed to his opinion about a man, but years of experience taught me to listen to his opinion on doctrines and principles and policies, and accept them almost *ex cathedra*.

I know he was just a man, subject to like passions and beset with the same frailties and subject to the same limitations as the rest of us, but looking backward one is amazed at his almost supernatural insight in the matter of doctrines, principles and policies.

Take as a first illustration of it a matter already mentioned in this volume—his opposition to Texas seceding from the Union. At seventeen years of age he was one of the few who saw with Gen. Houston and Gen. Lee what would be the ruinous results of secession, whether it succeeded or failed, and that success would perhaps be worse than failure. Many times as a schoolboy before the war and in army camp in speeches and debates during the war he foretold with a prophet's accuracy what would await us as the result of our leaving the Union. He did not

in any of his youthful orations, nor ever in his life thereafter, deny the right of the states to secede, but he maintained that whatever might be our rights secession was ruinous, as a policy. Few agreed with the boy prophet then. Practically everybody does now.

An illustration of his far-seeing denominational statesmanship was his attitude on the question of a double alignment for mission work. Back in the early eighties there was an effort made to commit Texas Baptists to a policy of joint cooperation with the Home Mission Society of New York and the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. There were two arguments: (1) There were many Northern people in Texas and their wishes ought to be regarded. (2) Texas, in her pioneer struggles very much needed the money the Home Mission Society was so able and so willing to give. For these two reasons, but more particularly the latter, many brethren felt that it ought to be done. In fact, it was tried out for a short while in the old State Convention. Dr. Carroll's keen eye saw that such a policy would bring endless confusion and complications, and probably strife to the Texas work. Altogether apart from partisan or sectional ground, and solely on the ground of the solidarity of our Texas work he threw himself into the fight against such a policy. Because Texas Mission work was in such desperate need of the money the New York Board could give, and for other reasons, some of the brethren were hard to convince. But he fought it out on principle and at last succeeded

in committing Texas Baptists to the permanent policy of undivided cooperation with the Southern Board. In a marvelously short time after he won his fight the brethren came to see he was right, and now everybody sees how impracticable, and ultimately disastrous the other plan would have been.

For another illustration of his statesmanlike discernment let us look again to the Home Board. About forty years ago there grew up from causes and influences not necessary to discuss here, a pretty widespread feeling that the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention had served its day, and ought to be abolished. Of course, you can always find some brothers in the objective case who would vote to abolish anything or anybody. But this opposition was not confined to professional kickers. It was not recruited merely from the ranks of the "Turks, Tartars and Huns." Some rather plausible arguments were made in favor of the proposition. Many loyal cooperating men were committed to the idea. Good men went to the Convention at Richmond in 1888 ready to make and defend such a proposition. B. H. Carroll saw the necessity of the Home Mission Board, if for no other reason, because of the growing frontier in Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and New Mexico. At that Convention he delivered an address on "The Necessity of Home Missions In Texas." That address settled the question. Men who had come to make speeches and motions against the Home Board's continued existence were most of them converted to the side of the Board. Those that were not converted,

realizing that their guns had been spiked, went home with a consciousness of defeat. From that day few, if any, really thoughtful men have doubted the value, and what is more, the necessity of the Home Mission Board. He also delivered a notable history-making address on "The White Population of the South." His prophet-like unfolding of the possibilities of the South, and especially of the Southwest, and the work the Home Board was doing and would do in these promising regions gave a tremendous impetus to the claims of the Home Board upon our people. He also made an epoch-making address at the Asheville Convention, in 1903, on "The Relation of the Sunday School and Home Mission Boards," and another at Kansas City, on "The History and Work of the Home Mission Board."

I shall mention but one other point of contact between him and the Home Mission Board. In 1906 arose the question of our present system of Home Board evangelism. Strange as it may seem to younger people looking backward, many good men opposed it. It is true the opposition had the usual contingent of brethren born in the objective case. But it also included many of the foremost men of the Convention. Many opposed it, and many who did not oppose it were in doubt. Feeling was intense, and in some cases, personal. The Convention met that year in Chattanooga, and B. H. Carroll made his memorable address on "Evangelism," and swept the deck. He spiked every gun, except a pop-gun or two, trained against the proposition, and carried it with

a tremendous sweep. The address was put in tract form and widely distributed. It not only settled the question of the Home Board's policy on the question of evangelism but gave a mighty impetus to evangelism throughout the South. I have not a doubt that convictions stirred in connection with that discussion had much to do with his insisting on a Chair of Evangelism (a thing theretofore unheard of) in the Theological Seminary he was to found in less than a decade.

But the history of the Sunday School Board gives further evidence of his statesmanship. Nobody who knows the inside history of that Board is ignorant of the vital part he played in its founding. Nobody familiar with the facts doubts that J. M. Frost would have found it exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to carry through the Convention his proposition for the establishment of this Board, when the matter was fought out in Fort Worth in 1890, had it not been for the influence and golden-mouthed advocacy of B. H. Carroll. He was a member of the committee to which the matter was referred by the Convention. The committee could not agree, and brought in a minority and majority report. His speech had much to do with the adoption of the majority report. It was just a short while till all the men who fought him hardest in that memorable contest came to see that he was right. But not only did he have a conspicuous part in establishing the Sunday School Board. Back in the pioneer days before the Sunday School Board had been thought of he was giving himself to establishing the Sunday-school idea.

For years he wrote, without thought of pay, the Sunday-school lesson for the *Home and Sunday School*—a periodical published by Kit Williams and another here in Texas to supply literature to our struggling Sunday schools. Whenever a Sunday-school convention was held in Texas he was on hand. One of the greatest sermons he ever preached was on the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians before a State Sunday-school convention at Houston. Not only was he full length for Sunday schools but he was the ardent advocate of colportage. One of the strongest articles I ever read from his pen had some such title as, "A Plea for the Book Agent."

But the Foreign Mission Board also was the beneficiary of his foresight and wisdom. For years he was the Texas member of that Board. Along in the early nineties there sprang up as if by magic a widespread cult called the Gospel Mission Movement. Their plan was to have no Mission Boards. If a man felt moved of the Holy Spirit to go to a given field, let him pick up and go, and the Holy Spirit, who impressed him to go, would impress somebody to send directly to him the money to support him. It was surprising how many people were more or less inoculated with the idea. There is a certain sort of mystic mind to which that sort of thing will make a compelling appeal. One of the best missionaries in China became impregnated with it, resigned as a missionary of the Board, came home and toured the states in the interest of the iridescent dream. It had a preceptibly depressing effect upon the receipts, not merely of the Foreign

Mission Board, but of all mission boards. Seeing the disintegrating tendency, Dr. Carroll, in 1894, asked a summer's furlough from his church that he might combat this vagary and raise a threatened deficit on the Texas Board. He succeeded in both. The Convention met that fall without a debt and the Gospel Mission cult never got anywhere in Texas. It gained considerable sporadic following in some of the other states, but he so thoroughly exposed its impracticability that it never made any headway in Texas.

But while I have mentioned specifically the foregoing cases, he gave himself with the same chivalrous devotion to every phase of the work of his people. He was the impartial champion and the sacrificial supporter of every kingdom enterprise.

Some men, who ought to know better, have had the erroneous notion that Dr. Carroll was one-sided in his devotion to kingdom affairs. Nothing is further from the truth. They say he pushed the things that were specially committed to him and forgot other interests. The first part of that statement is certainly true—he pushed things that were specially committed to him. But it is an utterly false notion that while he was doing it he forgot other kingdom interests. Perhaps no man in the South ever gave as much unselfish thought, or as much gratuitous work to enterprises with which he was not officially connected, and for which he was in no way personally responsible.

Over and over again while he was pastor he would get released from his church, sometimes for months, and give himself in a torrent of enthusiasm to deliv-

ering some beleaguered enterprise from a threatening situation. He delivered enough sermons and addresses on Orphanage and Old Ministers' Relief to make a large volume. He delivered enough addresses and wrote enough for the press on various phases of civic righteousness to make an encyclopedia. He spoke and wrote enough on Christian Education and missions of every sort to make a library. In this way during his life he by personal effort raised at least a million dollars for denominational enterprises specifically committed to others and which had no special claim on him.

He had a heart for all the various ramifications of denominational organization, because he was wide-visioned enough to see that even the smallest rivulet was a vital tributary to the main stream of denominational life and power. A hundred times I have heard him say: "The whole is equal to all of its parts." With that axiom as a text he would elaborate the idea that if we would keep the denominational organization intact, we must see that each separate component element has a chance to function in a normal and healthy way. Many times I have heard him illustrate the same truth with the maxim: "A chain is no stronger than the weakest link in it." Over and over in preaching he would emphasize the Pauline doctrine that if one member suffer all the members suffer with it. I doubt if my reader will ever see a man with broader sympathy for every altruistic enterprise

—the small as well as the great; and for every altruistic worker—the little as well as the big.

“Thine was the prophet’s vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds
That neither falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees it finds
Or what it cannot find, creates.”

Whatever may be said of his versatility, in my judgment his greatest influence over the students of Baylor was from the pulpit. Sunday after Sunday his sermons grew on me. . . . In the course of the nearly thirty years he preached in Waco thousands of students were gripped and held in the same way. It was during my student days that he preached some of his greatest sermons. At that time he was about forty-five years of age. His physical and mental possibilities seemed boundless. One never forgets his illustrations taken from great movements. When Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hoe" appeared Dr. Carroll made an address that swept the gamut of human feeling and showed that the toiling masses had restful sympathy in his heart.—S. P. BROOKS.

CHAPTER VII

HELPING BAYLOR

From the time of his entering Baylor as a student sixteen years of age, to the day of his death, fifty-six years later, he was vitally, most of the time officially, connected with that noble institution. With the exception of Rufus C. Burleson and William Carey Crane, his was doubtless the most potent hand in the building of Baylor. Let us briefly consider some of the ways in which he helped.

Someone has intimated that the thing that gives a school prestige is not its buildings, its endowment, its location, nor even its faculty, but its output as represented in its alumni. It is said of Cornelia that when she was twitted for wearing no jewels she pointed to her sons and said, "These are my jewels," and that she was wont to say, "Call me no longer the daughter of Scipio, call me henceforth the mother of the Gracchi." So be it with Baylor! She has many distinguished sons whose worthy achievements have reflected lustre upon the brow of their *alma mater*. B. H. Carroll was certainly the most brilliant man ever graduated from her halls, and I wonder if it is the biased judgment of a confessed admirer when I say that he is also the most distinguished man whose name

appears upon the roster of her students. In this way he indirectly and incidentally helped build Baylor. Even as far back as my day one of the drawing cards for the literary society of which I was a member was the fact that B. H. Carroll was an Erisophean, and in those days when Baylor had to canvass for students the fact that he had been a student there was a winning argument. I think we can safely say he helped his *alma mater* by giving to the world a worthy object lesson of her finished product.

But another indirect help he rendered Baylor was in the remarkable church he grew under the shadow of the institution. For most of his twenty-nine years' pastorate his was the only church with which Baylor students came in close touch. During his pastorate, and largely because of his pastorate, it was commonly recognized as the most virile, most efficient, and most influential church in Texas. In giving to the student body year by year a demonstration, an object lesson of what a church ought to be he was making a contribution to Baylor the value of which no man will ever be able to measure.

In 1918 Dr. F. M. McConnell delivered the Founder's Day address in the Southwestern Seminary on the general theme: "B. H. Carroll's Contribution to Preachers." In that address he spoke these true and wise words:

"The greatest contribution that can be made to the Baptist denomination in any state may be made by the pastor of the main church in the city or town where the denominational school is located by pour-

ing into the hearts and lives of young preachers the inestimable power of his Christian, brotherly friendship. Imagine such a young preacher going timidly to the home of the pastor of the greatest church in the state, knocking at the door, being ushered into the library and finding there a big, kind-hearted brother, a true, unwavering friend, and you have what occurred almost daily at Dr. B. H. Carroll's home in Waco for over thirty years. The story of doubts and fears were told with much more ease and in much more detail than the young preacher anticipated. It was listened to with earnest, most sympathetic interest, and such wise suggestions and counsel were often given by the big friend that the young man went away saying in his soul, 'I am called of God to preach, no matter what the devil says, and I can go through this university, too, and I will.' "

Now I happen to know both from experience and observation that what this good friend says about Dr. Carroll is true. He endorses the position for which I am contending in this paragraph when he draws from it a conclusion couched in the following words: "No wonder young preachers flocked to Baylor University, and no wonder they have wrought so well that one-thirteenth of all the Baptists in the world live in Texas." Only our good friend could have gone further. What he says about Dr. Carroll's influence over the young preacher would have been just as true (modified somewhat as to intensity) if he had applied it to the entire institution—faculty and student body.

In a day when organization in a church was rarely thought of and more rarely undertaken, and usually greatly feared, he was for himself working out in Waco the problem of an organized church. In that day the word "organize" was regarded with such suspicion that when a new church was started you must not say you had "organized a church." You must say you had "constituted a church." And when denominational activities began to be referred to as our "organized work" there was high prejudice against the term, so much so that newspaper articles gave it the belittling parody—"the agonized work." But in that day when church conferences were mostly disciplinary wrangles and associations and conventions were conclaves for the defense of the faith once for all delivered—even in that day B. H. Carroll worked out and put into operation an organization in the Waco Church and Waco Association that put them at the forefront and made them easily the leaders in Texas in every phase of denominational activity. In doing it he demonstrated the fact that effective organization and soundness in the faith were not inconsistent, for his church and association were more intelligently grounded in Baptist faith than any similar organization in the state. In the address quoted above the distinguished speaker said: "When it was the habit of many other churches in Texas to come together as a mass in conference and do nothing but fuss over questions of corrective discipline the First Baptist Church of Waco was using its conference meetings to inform and enlist all its members in all kingdom enterprises. Its pastor

was the wise leader in this. He showed the students of Baylor University how to carry on the real business of a church by giving them every month an actual outstanding demonstration. He carried the wisdom of organization into Waco Association and endeavored to make its annual meetings and its fifth Sunday meetings occasions for the development of all its resources for kingdom advancement. He worked patiently for years at making Waco Association the best it could possibly be made by thorough organization, and he succeeded, for that Association led all others in Texas when he was its leading pastor."

I shall make no extravagant claim but shall content myself with raising a question in the mind of my reader. The question is this: How much of the approximately effective organization now seen in our churches and associations in Texas is due to the influence of Baylor students getting the idea from B. H. Carroll and taking it back to their home churches and associations in every part of the state? He will be a poor historian who writes the annals of Baylor and does not make B. H. Carroll's pastorate bulk large among the dynamic forces that contributed to the making of the institution.

But another contribution that he made to Baylor was his tireless work as President of the Board of Trustees, which position he held for more than twenty years. He had the unique distinction of being required to continue in that office for some years after he was a full-time professor in the school. So far as I know it is the only case in history where a college professor

was president of the Board that employed him. It was a tribute to his character that nobody ever seemed to think of the incongruity of it till one day when he resigned, not only as president, but as a member of the Board, on the ground that sooner or later somebody would use it as a pretext for criticism.

It is no reflection on them to say that he probably gave the school more consecutive thought and had a more comprehensive grasp of the task involved in his trusteeship than any one of his colleagues—perhaps than all of them combined. His home, for many years, was little more than a stone's throw from the campus, so that he constantly breathed the school atmosphere. He did not accept the place as a mere sinecure who felt that he had a right to be complimented by the denomination with some position. He worked at the job. If he had been paid the fees of an ordinary lawyer for the work he did as a trustee of Baylor it would have made him rich.

Let us mention now in a word the financial help he rendered Baylor. He gave no large sums himself for the simple reason that he did not have the money. The brethren seem to have agreed that if the Lord would keep him humble they would take the contract to keep him poor, and they worked according to specifications. He was, perhaps, the best paid pastor in Texas at that period, but never received a salary, as pastor, of more than \$2,500 a year—during most of his pastorate not more than \$1,500. He gave what he could in money and used his life blood in getting other people to give. There were no large givers in

those days, partly because we had no rich men (or, at least, no men whom we would now call rich) and partly because our people had not been trained to give even of what they had. Until 1897, I never heard of any Texan giving more than \$1,000 at a time to any of our Baptist enterprises, and the thousand-dollar givers were few and far between. When, that year, Col. Slaughter gave \$25,000 to launch our correlated school system, it nearly took our breath. Back in those times of poverty and poor training in the matter of giving, so diligently did he work at it that as the result of three specific money campaigns and of work done quietly when there were no campaigns, Dr. Carroll added at least a quarter of a million to Baylor's assets.

But this chapter must close with the mention of one more out of his many contributions to Baylor. I refer to the gift of himself as a teacher in the school. All along as a pastoral avocation he had been teaching theology more or less regularly to the young preachers and any others who cared to come. I know this habit went as far back as 1880, for I was in his class that year. But in January, 1899, he felt moved to give up the great pastorate he had been a generation building, become Dean of the Bible Department in Baylor and give his full time and his matchless gifts for the rest of his life as a teacher of God's Word. As a sample of what his students thought of his work, read this word from Dr. Geo. W. McDaniel: "The lecture room was crowded with students to whom no credit was allowed for the work. The classes of '94-'98 went with

him through the Pentateuch, the Gospels, and Acts. No one who ever sat in those classes would say he was not a great teacher. If teaching is causing others to know then he was *primus inter pares*. The hard knots which the commentaries left uncut he split wide open with the wedge of his invincible logic. Verse by verse, chapter by chapter, and book by book, he expounded them all. My young heart burned within me when sitting at the feet of a teacher who could demonstrate the scriptural account of creation, explain how and why sin entered into the world, . . . prove the immaculate conception and establish by legal evidence the resurrection. . . . His explanations did not need explaining. He was the only one of my teachers with whom I never felt like taking issue."

What a "harvest of light" Baylor has reaped and will reap from the seed planted during the years when this matchless man was listed among her teachers.

When I was quite a young preacher I heard a man say, "Dr. B. H. Carroll is the fairest man in the State. He always investigates his opponent's side just as fully and fairly as his own." I doubted the truth of the statement. Afterwards Dr. Carroll told me that it was his habit and unvarying rule to investigate his opponent's side first to find every particle of proof he could for his opponent's position and every argument that could be made to sustain it. When he had made out his opponent's case as strongly as he could, then he turned to his own position and examined carefully all his own proofs and arguments. He then arranged his arguments to meet all his opponent could say.—F. M. McCONNELL.

CHAPTER IX

THREE JOINT DISCUSSIONS

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

The first time I ever heard the expression, "we will make a spoon or spoil a horn," Dr. Burleson used it with reference to Dr. Carroll. When I was a schoolboy in Waco I delighted to drop in on Dr. Burleson now and then and hear him in his reminiscences. Here is one of the advantages coming to a boy from being educated in a small college. He gets the character-moulding effect of intimate, personal touch with his teachers. During the whole of my college life there was rarely a week that I did not get from two to three hours' personal touch with Dr. Burleson. At that time, in the very prime of his manhood, he was to me the most entrancing conversationalist I ever heard talk. How I revelled in his romantic stories of Texas history, and how adroitly he could turn those stories to arouse all the chivalry and good impulses of which a youth was capable.

I was in his office one night and he was telling me about a debate ten years before between the Baptists and the Methodists. He said a Methodist preacher by the name of Fisher, who, next to Dr. Ditzler, was the star debater of Southern Methodists, was touring the state delivering sermons or lectures on baptism.

After each effort he would throw out a challenge to any Baptist preacher to meet him in debate. He came to Waco, made his speech, and threw out his challenge; but nobody took up the gauntlet. He went on to other parts boasting, "I have delivered this sermon and issued this challenge in Waco, the center of Baptist influence and learning, and not a man there would dare to meet me." At last the Baptists in Waco, thinking the joke had gone far enough, accepted his challenge. Then the question arose, whom they would put up against him. Some suggested one man and some another, but Dr. Burleson insisted that they put up the young pastor. He was only twenty-nine, and some of the brethren feared the veteran debater might be too much for the youth, but Dr. Burleson said: "Brethren, I heard him in his debate on secession when he was a boy, and he can hold his own with any Methodist preacher in the world." At last the chief speaker on the other side said: "All right, Brother Burleson, I'll go with you. We will either make a spoon or spoil a horn." The debate was held in 1872 at Davilla. I leave my reader to guess the result. But, to say the least, the great Dr. Fisher never sought another debate with the boy from the banks of the Brazos.

Dr. Carroll has told me laughingly of the somewhat *ad hominem* answers he made to three of Dr. Fisher's so-called arguments. He said Dr. Fisher made much of the fact that the word "sprinkle" occurred in the Old Testament and he specially rang the changes on Ezekiel 36: 25, "I will sprinkle clean

water upon you." In Dr. Carroll's reply he showed that in this scripture God was to do the sprinkling (not a preacher) and showed from Numbers 19 that this clean water was not just water, but contained the ashes of a heifer and three kinds of wood, and then said, "If Brother Fisher will show me any place in scripture where God either commanded or authorized any man to sprinkle water and just water upon any person, place or thing, I will never immerse another person." Another of Dr. Fisher's serious contentions was that while Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan and Philip and the eunuch went down into the water, it was done, not for immersion, but for sprinkling. Dr. Carroll turned the laugh on him by saying: "The man who followed the wagon from Edinburgh to London to see when the hind wheel overtook the front wheel went on a fool's errand, but he was the personification of intelligence compared to the preacher who took a man down into a river that he might sprinkle a little water on his head." He said Dr. Fisher dwelt much on the English preposition "with," "baptize with water," and said, of course, if it had meant immersion it would have said "in." He said he knew that it would not do any good to talk to that crowd about the meaning of the Greek word, or how it read in the Revised Version, so he came at it in a way they would appreciate. He said an old lady was sitting on the front seat whose dress had evidently recently been dyed, so he said: "My good sister, have you changed the color of your dress?" On her timidly admitting that she had, he said:

"Would you mind telling me how you did it?" She said, "I did it with dye." Then the Doctor said, "Well, sister, I suppose that since you did it *with* dye you just sprinkled a little dye on it, did you not?" He said the sister was evidently a Baptist, or at least saw the point, for she said with much emphasis, "No, sir; I dipped it clean under."

About ten years later he held his only other religious debate with a Dr. Wilmeth of the Disciples persuasion. They discussed three questions: "The order of Repentance and Faith," "The Design of Baptism," and "The Setting up of the Kingdom." Before the debate, Dr. Carroll propounded twenty questions to his opponent, which he asked him to answer in writing. The brother did, but he never ceased to wish that he had not. For with these questions and answers Dr. Carroll so confused him that he was never able to rally. Dr. Carroll often said afterwards that the man was ruined, whether he answered the questions in the negative or the affirmative.

In his earlier ministry, denominational feeling was quite strong—almost bitter—and religious debates were very common. On account of his unusual gifts in debate he was often urged to give his time to that kind of service, but though an uncompromising Baptist and one who, on what he conceived to be proper occasions, did not hesitate to defend the faith, he believed that, except in rare cases, the public oral religious debate was not the best way to proclaim the truth and promote the kingdom.

The most thrilling debate he ever engaged in was in 1887 on the Liquor Traffic. We had been trying local option in Texas for many years, but that year the Legislature had submitted to the people a constitutional amendment providing for state-wide prohibition. His own county (McLennan) had just passed through a very heated local option campaign. Of course, he was the leader on the local option side. L. S. Ross, the Governor, and Richard Coke, United States Senator, both lived in Waco. They were both noble men. Every loyal Texan reverences their memory. But in this contest both of them came home to make speeches against local option. Governor Ross published an open letter to the people of the county. Dr. Carroll answered it with an open letter to the Governor. Of all the writing that has been done on the subject of the liquor traffic in Texas, that was perhaps the most effective single article ever written. It was in this county campaign that Senator Coke forgot himself and emitted his afterwards famous diatribe: "If your preachers go into politics scourge them back by stopping their rations."

When the campaign for state-wide prohibition was organized, Dr. Carroll was the natural choice for chairman of its executive committee and was by common consent the recognized leader of the campaign in the state. He traveled from one side of the state to the other, speaking to tremendous crowds and with telling effect. Hoping to neutralize his influence or run him off the field, the "Antis" challenged him for a public debate with United States Senator Roger

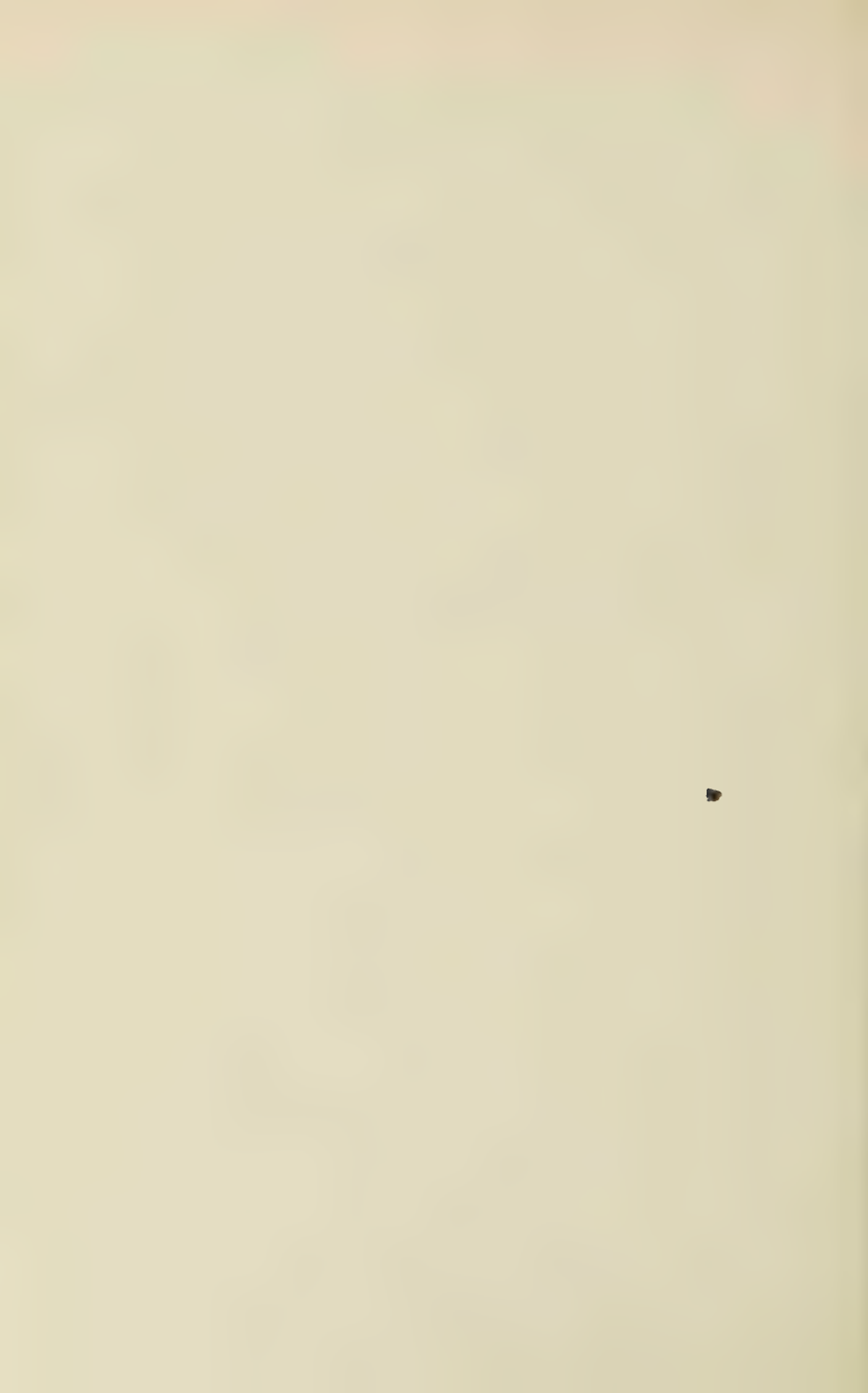
Q. Mills. It occurred in Waco. People came from every part of the state. Special trains were run from neighboring cities. I have never seen a larger crowd at any meeting of the people for any purpose. They spoke three hours. Mills an hour, Carroll an hour and a half, and Mills half an hour, the great crowd standing all the time in a hot summer's sun. Mills began his speech impersonating a little girl: "Mamma, is it wicked to make wine?" "Oh, yes, my little daughter, very wicked." "Well, mamma, Jesus made wine. Was Jesus wicked?" This I mention as a sample of the cheap talk with which the great man (for he was a great man) dealt with a most vital question throughout the hour he spoke. When Dr. Carroll had finished his speech Senator Mills was thoroughly out of temper and introduced his rejoinder by pointing his finger at Dr. Carroll and saying, almost screaming: "Hell is full of better preachers than that man, so full that their legs are hanging out at the windows." At last he drew from his pocket a note which he claimed Dr. Carroll had written to a grocery merchant in Caldwell when he was a boy, which read: "Please charge my whiskey account to my father as fruit, candy, etc." Immediately Dr. Carroll was on his feet and stepping quietly to Col. Mills' side, he put his hand on his shoulder, and in a voice so low that only those who were near them heard him, he said: "That note is a forgery, and if you do not withdraw it I will denounce it as a slander and you as a slanderer." Immediately men pushed to the front and in less time than it takes me to

write it, twenty men were on the platform facing each other and ready for a fight. Carroll, towering head and shoulders above the rest, was the only self-possessed man in the crowd. Seeing what was about to happen, Col. Mills waved the paper above his head and shouted, "Mr. Carroll says he did not write it, and I withdraw it!" Order was restored, but even the seasoned veteran of many stormy debates could not recover the ground he had forfeited through the loss of temper, and his thirty minutes' rejoinder which started in so pompously limped out ingloriously. Prohibition lost, the other side having a 90,000 majority. As we look back now we can see that, while they lost that particular battle, they were predestined to win the war. I am sure it is not an extravagant claim if I say that Dr. Carroll's brilliant campaign that summer, though not immediately fruitful, planted seed which, more than any other single influence, made Texas dry under the regime of the generation to which his sons belonged.

To make an intelligent record in this chapter I have felt it necessary to mention, not in the most complimentary way, the names of five men. The two ministers, Drs. Fisher and Wilmeth, I did not know, but I am sure they were high-class Christian gentlemen, and in saying they were no match for Dr. Carroll in debate I do not mean to belittle them. The other three men, Governor Ross and Senators Coke and Mills, I did know, and my honest appraisal of them is that they were good and great men. The fact that they were aligned with what I have always

been taught to call the whiskey side did not mean then just what it would mean now. There was at that time a psychology which I shall not stop here to analyze that made it exceedingly difficult for a public man to see the value of prohibition, and on the other hand very easy for him to fear its ultimate results. Concerning the forged note Dr. Carroll never believed that Col. Mills knew when he read the note that it was a forgery. After the heat of the campaign was over explanations and withdrawals came from both the Senators, and the three great men were friends as long as they lived.

His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night.
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding—
Doubling his pleasures and his care dividing.
—*Rogers.*



CHAPTER X

HALLIE HARRISON

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

In 1897 the Baptist General Convention of Texas met in San Antonio. It was a session of preeminent importance. Grave issues were to be joined. The friends of progress regretted the absence of B. H. Carroll. That absence was explained when President Buckner read to the Convention a telegram from him, that moment received by Judge W. H. Jenkins. It contained three words: "Wife is dying." A gloom as of night settled over the Convention. Most of them knew his home life and knew how he loved her. They knew how he depended upon her. They knew how utterly helpless he would be in caring for the two little daughters, both under ten years of age. Five times before death had entered his home, but this was his greatest bereavement.

After her death he arranged with an elderly lady, an unusually fine woman, the widow of a pioneer Baptist preacher, to be his housekeeper. This arrangement worked as well, perhaps, as any such arrangement ever did or ever could. It continued fifteen months. At that juncture Dr. Carroll and Miss Hallie Harrison were married. Personally, I have never had a doubt that it was the thing that ought

to have happened, and I record it here as my deliberate judgment that if God ever ordered a marriage he ordered that one. In fact, while I had no intimation of its coming till a few weeks before it happened, I had been wishing for it, and even praying for it for months.

She was the daughter of the distinguished General Tom Harrison. Her mother, too, was of the best blood of the old South. She had been a member of Dr. Carroll's congregation from childhood. During the lifetime of her father and mother the families had been intimate. At one time after their death the Carroll home had been her home. They therefore knew each other. There was no danger of incompatibility.

When he died they had been married nearly sixteen years. Their devotion to each other was beautiful. They had one son of whom both were proud. They gave him her maiden name—Harrison. He is a journalist in Los Angeles.

On Dr. Carroll's death "Miss Hallie" returned to Waco to make her home, but for reasons of health the doctors advised her removal to California where, with her son Harrison, she now makes her home.

She was a faithful, devoted wife to B. H. Carroll. Almost one-third of the time after their marriage he was either an invalid or a semi-invalid. She never faltered in any sacrificial service that would add to his comfort, and by her happy, buoyant disposition heartened him often when despondent.

In this formal way I wish to record my gratitude to God for answering my prayer in their marriage, and I also wish to record my heart's appreciation of her and the joy she brought into the life of my noble friend in his last years. Now, while she is living, I want to assure her of my appreciation of the fact that she honored me with her friendship, dating back almost to childhood, and of my genuine admiration of her noble character. The Bible tells us in one place that those who stayed by the staff should share and share alike with those who went out to battle. By that token Hallie Harrison Carroll will not miss her reward in the last day. She never made a speech nor wrote a book, but for fifteen years she had a part in every speech that B. H. Carroll made and every book he wrote by keeping his home and caring for his children while he went out to battle. They had been married eight years when it was decided to locate the Seminary in Fort Worth. She had spent her whole life in Waco. Her kindred and the friends of a lifetime were there. They had a wonderfully comfortable home. The site chosen for the Seminary near Fort Worth was a barren, rocky hill without even one of the comfort utilities found in a modern city. To one who had spent her life on the fertile banks of the Brazos, it would have been hard to find a more uninviting spot than Seminary Hill was at that time. If she had been selfishly unwilling to leave her comfortable home and her lifelong friendships in Waco and go pioneering on Seminary Hill, she could have greatly hindered the

building of the Seminary. But I can say truthfully that, while I know something of what it cost her, and witnessed the hardships she suffered on account of it, I never heard her utter one syllable of complaint because of it.

I speak sincerely when I say that had it not been for the heartening and reinvigorating influence of her life at a period when he was just ready to collapse, B. H. Carroll would never have had the heart to project the Seminary nor the nerve to build it.

In this volume there is a chapter on the building of the Seminary. In it much is said, and truly said, of the great part Dr. Carroll had in this noble enterprise. But the honor will not be complete if, in calling the name of B. H. Carroll, you do not in the same breath call the names of two women—Ellen Bell and Hallie Harrison.

The grandest sight of this world is a great man in action, the champion of a great cause. Caleb standing out there single-handed pleading with his people to go up and possess this country was a grander sight than all the Promised Land with its milk and honey—an individual bravely and courageously the champion of a cause. Hannibal with his conquering army scaling the Alps was a grander sight than the Alps themselves. George Dewey on the deck of Olympia sailing into Manila Bay, saying, "Shoot when you get ready," was a grander sight than all the lashing waves of the Pacific. B. H. Carroll standing in the grandeur of his glorious manhood on this sunlit hill—the promised land of life's dream—founding without money but on faith in the promises of God alone this institution, is a picture that ought to inspire the heart and nerve the arm of the sons of men with the heroic for God and country, always and everywhere.—PAT. M. NEFF.

CHAPTER XI

FOUNDING THE SEMINARY

"And the sons of the prophets were sitting before him."

The mythologies tell us that Minerva leaped full grown from the head of Jupiter. That is very interesting mythology but is poor history. Furthermore, it does not illustrate what we see in real life, whether applied to individuals or institutions. Whether in the case of an individual or an institution, achievement has been the result of growth. We say concerning a given institution that it was founded upon such a day—naming a day when some formal steps were taken that gave the institution a "local habitation and a name," and that it was founded by such a man—naming the man who was the outstanding factor in its assuming concrete form. And yet no one save the most superficial observer regards either statement as being literally true. The beginnings of all great institutions are beneath the surface and their formal functioning is a composite of many influences and the labors of many men.

The truth of these remarks is well illustrated by the institution now the subject of our thought. We say, superficially speaking, that the Seminary was founded in 1908 by B. H. Carroll. The real truth is that B. H. Carroll had been carrying the Seminary about

in his brain and heart many years before 1908. The further truth is that the Seminary had its foreshadowing as far back as 1845—when in the charter of Baylor University the better training of our rising ministry was given as the primary reason for its organization. The still further fact is that B. H. Carroll was, as far back as 1880, conducting a sort of embryonic theological seminary in connection with Baylor (then Waco) University. At that time the twelve or fifteen young preachers in the University (?) would gather on Friday nights at his little cottage with Pendleton's Church Manual in their hands. We had the one small textbook, the one teacher and once a week recitations, but the instruction covered or (to speak more accurately) touched upon nearly everything taught in the Seminary today. The marvelous man was then just in middle life, not yet forty, and it is safe to say that the group of pioneer young preachers carried throughout their lives the benediction of the two or three hours a week spent in the little back bedroom—(called his "study" by courtesy)—sitting at the feet of the greatest teacher any of them had ever seen or have ever seen, or will ever see. As far back as 1873, he was doing the same thing for W. B. Bagby and his fellow students.

People familiar with Texas Baptist history and accustomed to studying the philosophy of history will realize that there are yet others who had a direct hand in the remote beginnings of the Seminary. No man can name, because no man can know, all these influences. But he would be a superficial observer

indeed who does not recognize as direct, even though remote, factors in the building of the Seminary, the hands of William Carey Crane and Rufus C. Burleson, the two men who had most to do with laying the foundation of Christian education; yea, of all education in the pioneer days of this State. These two mighty men were always the open advocates of Ministerial Education, the sympathetic friend of every young preacher in his ambition for an education and the active sponsors of every enterprise that promised to make possible or to make easier that devoutly wished consummation. But there was another man—a man who, in spite of his early death, made a most tremendous impression upon Baptist educational affairs in Texas, whose brilliant and brief career as a teacher in Baylor prepared an atmosphere for Ministerial Education that made an almost imperious demand for a theological seminary. I refer, of course, to John S. Tanner. Under his influence the hitherto necessarily desultory teaching of the young preachers done by Dr. Carroll (still the brilliant pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waco) or some preacher-professor was superseded by a well-outlined Bible Department, which offered a pretty stiff course of professional training for the young preacher. On Dr. Tanner's death (one is almost tempted to say his untimely death) there arose a general feeling that Dr. Carroll should give the remaining years of his life wholly to this task of training young preachers and, logically, thus become the head of the Bible Department in Baylor. His demurrer that the

University, already financially burdened, ought not to assume the burden of another professor was immediately answered by a group of friends providing, privately, a fund to pay his salary. Thus it fell out that, in 1899, he gave up the great pastorate which he had so nobly filled nearly a third of a century and without at all realizing what he did, began laying the immediate foundation for the monumental enterprise of his life—literally walking by faith. Looking backward, it is easy to see that, under God's guiding hand, he was building far more wisely than he knew. His great learning and his matchless charm as a teacher drew men to his feet from every part of the land.

In 1905 occurred another epoch in the gestation of the Seminary. I heard Dr. Carroll describe it to the Board of Trustees of Baylor University, and it impressed me so profoundly, that I can tell it to you practically in his own words. He said: "I was passing through the Panhandle on a Fort Worth and Denver train on my way to Amarillo to meet my wife and baby. I had read all day and my eyes were exhausted. My deafness made it impracticable for me to sustain a conversation with people on the train. So I fell to musing. As I looked out over those plains over which in my youth I had chased the buffalo, there arose before me a vision of our Baptist situation in the Southwest. I saw multitudes of our preachers with very limited education, with few books and with small skill in using to the best advantage even the books they had. They are consecrated men, many of

them vainly hungering for better training in the work to which God has called them and to which with singular self-sacrifice they have dedicated their lives. I saw here in the Southwest many institutions for the professional training of the young teacher, the young lawyer, the young doctor, the young nurse and the young farmer, but not a single institution dedicated to the specific training of the young Baptist preacher. It weighed upon my soul like the earth on the shoulders of Atlas. It was made clear to me on that memorable day that, for the highest usefulness of our Baptist people, such an institution was an imperious necessity. I seemed to hear the age-old question of God: 'Whom shall I send and who will go for us?' I was ready to give Isaiah's answer: 'Here am I; send me,' but at once there arose before me what seemed insuperable obstacles. In the first place, I thought of the many struggling, half-equipped institutions in other important and necessary lines of our work and of the heavy burdens that these institutions had placed upon the shoulders of our pioneer people and wondered if it would be right to place upon this brave people yet another burden. I thought, too, of the fact that I am now an old man and could hardly hope to live long enough to consummate such a gigantic enterprise. I thought, too, of my physical infirmity that would make leadership in such a movement exceedingly doubtful. It occurred to me, also, that much of my life had been given to promoting denominational enterprises and that I had hoped to give these last years to the quiet, unmolested

companionship of my books and was about to dismiss the matter, feeling that I could not do it—when there came to me as clearly as if audibly spoken the assuring word of our Lord: 'I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore.' With this trumpet-tongued call and assurance of divine help resounding in every part of my being, I wrestled with the problem until at last I was irresistibly driven to say, 'Lord, it is clearly thy will; what is impossible with man is possible with God; go thou with me and I will try.' When I came to myself I was standing gripping the back of the seat in front of me. Becoming conscious that my fellow passengers were looking at me, some with amusement and some with amazement, I sat down, confused, embarrassed and humiliated. But from that hour I knew as definitely as I ever knew anything, that God would plant a great school here in the Southwest for the training of our young Baptist preachers. That night in Amarillo I made a list of one hundred friends of mine in different parts of the country whom I would ask to join me in contributing each one hundred dollars a year for three years as an emergency fund to launch the institution. I have dedicated this summer to seeing, one at a time, these individuals. Ninety-nine of the hundred promptly and with apparent joy acceded to my request. The hundredth man was easily found. On the faith of these promises I am before you today, my brother trustees, to ask that you launch at once as a part of the University a theological school employing not less than five teachers, offering the courses

and conferring the degrees of any regular theological seminary. This request is made with the definite understanding that the University is not to be burdened with its financial support, but that for these first three years I will personally assume all financial responsibility for its maintenance."

This statement made and looking like a prophet from God and with the light of heaven in his face, he sat down. Ensued for a few moments a silence as still as death. At last one of the trustees, the even then venerable Judge W. H. Jenkins, arose trembling with emotion and said: "None of us is prepared for this. Humanly speaking, it seems a rash step to take. But evidently our noble brother has had a vision from God. I move that his request be granted and immediate steps be taken to launch the enterprise."

This was September, 1905, and before the end of the year the institution was functioning as a school of Baylor University, with B. H. Carroll as dean, and as teachers, A. H. Newman, C. B. Williams, Calvin Goodspeed and L. W. Doolan. So rapid was the growth of the new movement that it soon became evident that the Seminary could not continue as a part of the University. The idea was expressed by Dr. Gambrell in his quaint saying: "If you want to grow big trees you have to space them." So at the convention in San Antonio in 1907 it was decided to separate the Seminary from Baylor, giving it different trustees, with name, charter and habitat of its own. The work continued in Baylor's buildings, however, till 1910, when with a bonus of \$100,000 for a

building fund, a thirty-acre campus and a half interest in some three hundred acres of adjoining land, the school opened on Seminary Hill, six miles south of Fort Worth.

Work on the first Seminary building (Fort Worth Hall) began in the latter part of 1908, and the contract called for completion of the building by October 1, 1910, so it was arranged to open in Fort Worth at that time. But alas! alack! when the time arrived the building was not completed—the walls being up only to the level of the second floor. But remembering that they were pioneers they opened shop in the unfinished building. The classes were taught and the students and two of the professors lived or camped in it while the work of completing it went merrily on. Their heating apparatus was two or three old stoves with pipes projecting through the windows. Their water supply was a well some three hundred yards distant that had supplied the place when it was a stock ranch. The school was a mile and a half from the street car over an unpaved "black waxy" road which in rainy weather became almost impassable for everything except birds and prairie dogs. The Seminary owned an old automobile, which for most of the winter was unequal to the muddy roads, and Dr. Newman had a horse and buggy. This was their transportation system. A year or two later they laid a track to the city car lines and put on a gasoline motor. It illustrated one wing of the proverb, "slow but sure." It was always slow but never sure. The boys used to say it was a tri-daily—it went one day

and tried to go the next. One blessing in it all was that they were not troubled with traffic "cops." The dining room was much larger than was needed for that purpose, so a part of it was partitioned off with cheap curtains for sleeping purposes—and another corner was used for recitations. They were as innocent of sewerage as the wild Indian who a few decades ago was lord of this hill. The temporary roof over them functioned so inadequately that, with a heavy rain, planks had to be laid on the concrete floor to guarantee dry-shod passage from one room to another. A man and his wife and a young lady friend occupied the same room—separate apartments being made by stretching a calico curtain. They slept on the floor. He is now one of our most useful and distinguished pastors. One of the professors with about thirty young men slept in the room now used as a library. The only undemocratic symptom was that the professor had a bedstead, while the others made themselves happy, if not comfortable, on the floor.

In spite of all these apparently hard pioneer conditions they were all happy. There was less complaining then than now when we have all the modern comforts. Furthermore, I am sure the Seminary has never done a better year's work in the matter of character building (and after all, that is the big thing in education) than it did that year. There were only about one hundred students but they were made of "stern stuff" and practically all of them have made gloriously good in kingdom service.

Dr. Gambrell came to visit the boys that year and expressed his delight that they were having such a "glorious hard time," and encouraged them with the assurance that he had discovered in a long and varied experience that "a man did not have to have what he could not get." I have never seen anything more heroic than the calm courage with which Dr. Carroll, an old man in need of the comforts of life, faced and bore the hardships of those pioneer days. Many valuable contributions have been made to the Seminary, but not one has equaled the contribution B. H. Carroll and his devoted wife made when they left their comfortable home in Waco and tore themselves loose from friends of a lifetime and in old age voluntarily transplanted life on a barren hill absolutely without one element of the comfort and convenience of modern life. I despair of making my reader even approximately appreciate what the move from Waco to Fort Worth cost this noble couple. It cost them thousands of dollars in money but it cost them infinitely more than that in the coin of those high sentiments and associations, atmospheres and delicate physical comforts that constitute the human charm of living. But they were soldiers and it was their joy to follow the flag.

When Dr. Carroll died November 11, 1914, there was not only universal sorrow for the loss of one so widely loved, but there was rather widespread apprehension for the future of the Seminary. Everybody realized that it was yet in the formative, almost the experimental stage, and wondered how we would be

able to maintain it now without the brain that had conceived it and the hand that had guided it, and the broad shoulders that had carried it. On the tomb of John Wesley is the inscription, "God buries the workman but carries on the work." This fundamental, though too often forgotten truth, was amply illustrated in the case before us.

It had been the expressed and often repeated wish of Dr. Carroll that L. R. Scarborough should be his successor—"for," he would say, "he will at least not let the Seminary die." But after his death there was some hesitation about carrying out his suggestion. This hesitation did not grow out of any lack of love for, confidence in or appreciation of Dr. Scarborough, for he was an admitted favorite both with the student body and with the people at large. The hesitation had its origin in various points of view. There were those who doubted the wisdom or the right of a man naming his successor or creating an atmosphere that would influence his selection. Again there were those who feared what might be called "in-breeding," feeling that the new president ought to be a big outstanding man from the outside who would be able to infuse new blood into the baby institution. There were also those who had trouble convincing themselves that L. R. Scarborough was big enough man to succeed B. H. Carroll. So far as the fact was concerned they were doubtless right, but subsequent events have shown beyond question that they were wrong in their conclusion. The truth is, if the trustees had waited till they found a man the intellectual and

dynamic equal of Dr. Carroll, the Seminary would never have had another president.

In about eight months after Dr. Carroll died the trustees unanimously elected L. R. Scarborough president. During those eight months and for the many months of Dr. Carroll's illness preceding his death he had been acting president. In this rather delicate—I perhaps ought to say extremely delicate—position he conducted himself with remarkable poise. There was no campaigning, no wire-pulling, no log-rolling, no pussy-footing. Among groups of interested brethren here and there many good men were discussed in connection with the position. For example, Dr. Gambrell, Dr. Truett, Dr. Dargan, Dr. McGlothlin, Dr. Sampey, et cetera. But when the trustees finally acted, I think practically all the friends of the institution felt that the right thing had been done. If there were any doubters among those who loved the institution, eleven years of unquestionably successful administration has removed the doubt. It all goes to illustrate the scripture teaching about the "diversity of gifts" and demonstrates the fact that God is not shut up to one type of man for projecting and fostering any given enterprise.

While in less than two decades the Seminary has grown from nothing to more than seven hundred matriculants and has accumulated property worth a million, it is still in its infancy. Its potentialities for the coming generations cannot be estimated, nor can the good it has already accomplished be tabulated. To have had a humble part in its beginnings and in its

unprecedented growth is enough to make the most pessimistic heart sing for joy. To all such, far and near, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, the immediate Seminary force waves affectionate greeting. To that host of loyal friends we once more affirm our fixed purpose to carry out Dr. Carroll's dying injunction: "Lash the Seminary to the heart of the Saviour."

*See what a grace was seated on this brow
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself
An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
A station like the herald mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.*

—HAMLET.

*The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow!
Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.*

—BRUTUS.

CHAPTER XII

THE BIG HUMAN BEING

"Let us make man."

In January, 1880, I entered Baylor (then Waco) University, a mere lad, in the dual capacity of teacher and student. I was greatly disappointed in everything I saw about the school. Accustomed as I had been, for the few months previous, to the splendid buildings and modern equipment of the University of Pennsylvania, my soul sickened at the sight of small, dilapidated, inadequate buildings and the utter absence of laboratory, library, or other equipment. Compared to the well-groomed group to which I had been accustomed in Philadelphia, the Waco bunch, both student body and faculty, looked on the surface rather raw and ragged. The Baptist Church in Waco, having no meeting house of their own, worshiped in a dingy little, unplastered, crudely furnished room called the college chapel. On that first Sunday morning, a sadly dejected youth, I drifted into their service. When I entered they were singing the last song before the sermon. The whole atmosphere intensified my cynicism and I was conscious of a wicked sense of scorn for the whole procedure. The song finished, a man arose on the platform. He stood for a moment without uttering a word. What a striking figure! As handsome as

Adonis—as preeminent in physique as King Saul!—as vibrant with personal magnetism as Absalom! At once my youthful soul began to uncover in his presence. When he spoke his voice was as full of melody and witchery as Kreisler’s violin. The first words that he uttered were these: “If I were an infidel, as I once was—” I remember nothing else he said that day, but having myself just emerged from a nightmare of skepticism, my soul by a telepathic instinct knew that it had found a brother. When the service ended I asked a man who the preacher was. He looked at me with evident surprise, and said, “That is B. H. Carroll.” I had never heard of him before, but from that hour I have maintained for him an uninterrupted period of extravagant admiration and passionate devotion. Within a few weeks there sprang up between us a friendship that continued ever-deepening to the day of his death, and which I doubt not will continue throughout eternity. In this chapter I shall not discuss B. H. Carroll, the peerless preacher, nor B. H. Carroll, the inimitable interpreter of God’s Word, nor B. H. Carroll, the irresistible spiritual dynamic. While religion, the spiritual life, was his chiefest concern, and the sphere in which he functioned most normally and most permanently and most preeminently, I shall not here consider at all that side of his life, but shall give myself to speak somewhat of some purely natural and, to the superficial observer, incidental qualities. Instead of discussing B. H. Carroll, the preacher, or the exegete, or the spiritual force, I shall discuss B. H. Carroll, the big, attractive, magnetic

human being. Grace did much for him, but there were admirable qualities that were his by nature altogether apart from grace. Some of these outstanding, even if incidental, by-product characteristic qualities I wish to discuss for a little while.

In the first place, I mention *his consideration of men in low estate, his reverence for the average man*. Many of those who knew him only superficially imagined, because of his towering intellect and the pre-eminence of his personality, that he was a cold-blooded aristocrat. The exact reverse was true. I doubt if there has ever lived a man in Texas in the ministry or out of it who had as many close personal friendships among the uneducated, among men and women in the ordinary walks of life. We have never had a man among us in any sphere or calling who more definitely and sincerely and devotedly set himself to serve the masses of the people. No man who has not lived in his home can imagine the streams of ordinary people who made pilgrimages to his door for help and comfort and guidance and counsel. As a concrete example, I recall old Brother Hurt—an uneducated, not very interesting, but very devoted, old preacher, a missionary to the Texas frontier. He used to drive up to the gate in his rickety old buggy, and coming, unannounced, into the house, would receive a welcome as hearty as if he had been the highest dignitary in the land. I recall once when this same old missionary had spent the night in the home, I walked out on the back porch early in the morning and Dr. Carroll was carefully polishing the old man's rusty boots, while

their owner slept. I said, "What are you doing, Doctor?" With that twinkle in his eye that none who knew him will ever forget, he said, "I am washing the saint's feet." For he maintained that in modern times to polish a brother's shoes was a fulfillment of the spirit of our Lord's command to wash the disciples' feet. This is but one out of the many illustrations I could give of his reverence for the poorly and moderately endowed preacher. In planning the Southwestern Seminary it was his often-mentioned purpose to build a school that would be of help to the man of meagre attainments and mediocre natural gifts. One of the most gratifying things in his life, as I look back upon it, was the devoted esteem in which he was held by the obscure and uneducated preachers of his day. May I mention a concrete example?

In 1885 there was a local option fight to close the saloon in McLennan County. Of course B. H. Carroll led that fight against the open saloon. The saloon forces were led by a distinguished United States Senator, whose wife was an active member of Dr. Carroll's church. In one of his furious, fire-eating harangues, he said, "If your parsons go into politics, scourge them back by stopping their rations." In the Baptist Convention that met a few weeks afterward, I. B. Kimbrough, an uneducated, somewhat rough, and sometimes almost uncouth, but genuinely noble and highly honored pioneer country preacher, said in an address before the Convention: "They tell me that Senator Dick Coke proposes to scourge Harvey Carroll back from defending our homes by stop-

ping his rations. That shows that, although this senatorial advocate of the open saloons lives in Waco, he does not know Harvey Carroll. That man would live on corn cobs and stump water the rest of his life rather than turn Texas over to the whiskey whelps." Then and there for the first time I witnessed vociferous applause in a Baptist convention. I mention the incident to show how the common people loved and trusted this man, and how they resented the intimation that he could be intimidated by a scurrilous threat from one who was the then recognized leading and most influential citizen of the state. (The only notice Dr. Carroll ever took of the Senator's remark was to preach a sermon the following Sunday from the text, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man who is a Roman and uncondemned?" I did not hear the sermon, but they tell me that what he said was a plenty. Be it said to the credit of the Senator that, after the heat and passion of the fight had passed away, he sent to Dr. Carroll a withdrawal and an apology for the intemperate expression). He was the greatest scholar I ever knew, but he had scant patience for the priggish doctrine of the aristocracy of learning. He knew and often affirmed that the world's hope was not in the occasional genius, but in the multitude of average ordinary people.

May I mention yet another concrete illustration of this same trait of character in his love for the lowly? An orphan boy who had no real claim on him fell sick in his home and for weeks hung between life and death with typhoid fever. The boy does not

remember what took place during the delirium of the fever, although he has been told that during all that time this great busy man would take his place by the bedside and minister to the friendless orphan as tenderly as if he had been his own son. But the boy does remember that when he was convalescent, but unable to stand on his feet, this princely man would drag a portable bath tub into the room, bathe him from head to foot, rub him down and put him back in bed as gently as a mother. Do you wonder that for the intervening forty years that boy has loved him with all the passion of an ardent nature?

Dr. L. R. Scarborough tells me that one day he said to him: "Dr. Carroll, what was the greatest compliment you ever received?" After a moment's thought the good man said, "When I was pastor I had a letter one Christmas from an old lady written in a very cramped hand, the grammar was poor and some words were misspelled, but in the letter she said, 'You have been my pastor ten years. I have not been able to do anything for you but you have been a great blessing to me. I have no money with which to buy you a Christmas present much as I would like to, so I am just sending you this letter to tell you that after ten years under your pastoral care I am convinced that you are a good minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.' Then looking down upon his young preacher friend, he said: "Lee, I fear I did not deserve it, but I guess that is the highest compliment I ever received." How sincerely he prized the good will and approval of the lowly.

But all who knew him intimately were impressed with yet another charming characteristic quality of his. I refer to the *chastened delicacy and refined gentility of his conversation*. Only last night, a good woman in whose home he had often been a guest, was speaking to me of the ease and naturalness and delicacy with which he could pay a compliment where it was deserved and where it would help. After thirty years of the most intimate association with him, I can truthfully say that I never saw him rude, or indelicate or discourteous to any human being, and I never heard him speak so much as one word that he could not have spoken with perfect propriety in the presence of his mother or his daughter. He was indeed a man of clean lips. I have seen him deliberately get up and walk away from a group of men when one of them said, "I'll tell you a good story. It is a little smutty, but there are no ladies present." He was inherently so sensitive and refined that coarseness was unthinkable for himself and intolerable in others.

Along about 1886 a group of us had met in the Old First Baptist Church at Waco to try to still a tempest in a teapot that had arisen over a Baptist newspaper row. We had worked fruitlessly at the job until three o'clock in the morning. During a temporary lull in our vociferous and would-be paciferous discussions, he took occasion to say a few words about the foul-mouthed preacher, and at the close of his remarks bound, with a solemn promise, every man present never to tell anybody, nor allow anybody to

tell him a story that could not with propriety be told in the presence of his wife and children. This is perhaps not the occasion to preach, but I wonder if it would not be a good thing if every man who reads these lines would join the band of those who determine not to defile themselves with what comes out of their mouths. There is nothing, in my judgment, more contemptible nor more incongruous than a preacher addicted to smutty jokes, salacious yarns, and double entendre stories. I make no defense of the use of tobacco, but join every thoughtful man in considering it an unnecessary, foolish, and often hurtful habit. But my affectionate suggestion to the young preacher is this: The day you swear off from putting filthy things into your mouth, swear off also from emitting filthy, unchaste, indelicate, unrefined things out of your mouth, remembering the teachings of Jesus that real defilement arises not from the things that go into a man's mouth but from the things that proceed out of it.

But another quality of this matchless man of which I am eager to speak was the *rejuvenescence in his own person of all that was good in the knighthood and chivalry of the middle ages*. He revelled in the literature dealing with that period. I do not doubt that he had read "Scottish Chiefs" a hundred times. The novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott were his constant companions. Robert Bruce, William Wallace, Ivanhoe, and characters of that kind were to him as real and close as confidential friends. No man who knew him and who is familiar with the spirit of the

chivalry of the middle ages could fail to recognize its influence upon his character.

For one thing he imbibed and rigidly practiced chivalry's high sense of personal honor. More than all the other men I have ever heard talk I have heard him talk about honor.

Pardon me if I say again that this is perhaps not the time to preach or exhort, but I cannot resist the temptation to say that, while I do not think that we ought to talk any less about grace and spirituality and religious fervor, I do think we have fallen upon a time when even among preachers there ought to be more emphasis laid upon the mere human element of honor. In so far as our religion smacks of Jesuitism and loses the glamor and glow of the old-fashioned honor of the knight-errant, to that degree it forfeits, and deserves to forfeit, its place of power among men of native and inherent nobility of character. It is being truthfully said by many that one remedy for the present crime wave that is sweeping the country is the revival of a personal consciousness of God, and a sense of personal responsibility to him for the deeds done in the body. It is sound doctrine and I thoroughly and unequivocally endorse it, and where I preach, definitely and earnestly proclaim it. But in addition to that great doctrine, I believe we also need a revival of the knight-errant's sense of personal honor—that reverence for oneself that would make meanness and littleness and wrongdoing inherently repulsive. Thirty years ago a man was talking to Dr. Carroll and said concerning a certain act, "I

could not do that because I know I should have to meet it at the judgment bar of God." The knightly man answered, "I endorse your doctrine of God and the judgment, but my sense of honor would not permit me to do that, even if there were no God." There is a certain type of convict-mind that can be held in leash only by the fear of the penalty of wrongdoing. And for such that fundamental truth must be continually and unequivocally emphasized, but I hope I shall not be considered irreligious when I say that in my judgment one crying need of this hour is the re-enforcement of human character and the re-enthronement of old-fashioned, chivalrous honor, so that a man would be noble and true and trustworthy, even if heaven and hell could be blotted out, and all idea of God and his final judgment effaced from the thinking of men. In pulpit and press and schoolroom and the home talk we need more men who will fall in with Mark Antony, saying, "Now *honor* is the subject of my story." The doing of a little, petty, paltry, pesky, picayunish things was beyond the realm of the thinking of B. H. Carroll. To be big and noble and frank and open-hearted and high-minded and generous and chivalrous was as natural to him as breathing. He was a knight-errant transmigrated from the middle ages to modern times. It took the religion of Jesus Christ to make an honorable man of Jerry McCauley, the river-thief. Not so with B. H. Carroll. Honor was the subject of his story before he ever knew the Lord. I lived four years in the community where he grew to manhood. They told

me there that even in the days of his infidelity and riotous living he had that same idealized sense of honor that filled him with scorn for littleness and made his word always as good as his bond and led everybody to know that whatever else he did or did not do he would be brave and noble and generous and gallant.

But a second thing that this knight-errant brought over from the days of chivalry was his reverence for women. He regarded himself like the knights of old, set, spear in hand and shield on arm, for the defense of womankind. More than once I have seen his chivalrous blood boil when some suspicious, peeping, picayunish puritan would raise a question about a woman's virtue. There are bullet-headed, foul-minded men everywhere ready to suspect the evil intent, and consign a woman to infamy as a result of the slightest indiscretion. Perish, perish forever, and especially among preachers, that inquisitorial spirit that would ruthlessly and often thoughtlessly by a little superficial gossip rob a woman of her good name—a thing dearer to her than the "ruddy life drops that visit her heart."

Once he was on a trip to the Southern Baptist Convention and a group of men had gathered about him in the car to hear him talk. At last he said, "Gentlemen, there is a serious matter on my mind. Just before leaving my home I saw a woman whose heart had been broken by a false rumor assailing her character. The worst of it was that the rumor grew out of the idle talk of an over-suspicious preacher. You

remember that when Hannibal was a boy, Hamilcar, his father, made him swear with his hand upon his father's sword, eternal hatred for Rome. In the same spirit I want to swear you men up today that you will never do anything or say anything, nor as far as you can prevent it, permit anyone else to do anything or say anything, that will raise a needless, not to say an unjust, suspicion touching the character of a woman. A woman in that position is so helpless and so hopeless that a chivalrous man ought to defend her rather than defame her." All of them made the solemn promise. There has been at least one of that group who has tried to live up to it, though it has sometimes caused him to be sadly misunderstood.

He was the embodiment of gallantry to every woman. You could not have chained him to a seat in a car or a drawing room while a woman stood. They say that what they call that old relic of the days of chivalry is going out of style now. I hope, and believe, that among gentlemen the old custom will last at least as long as I live, and as long as my sons and grandsons live.

He revered women, and was unstinted in his praise of them, lavish in his appreciation of them, childlike in his confidence in them.

But another quality of this big human being that I choose to mention is his *passionate sacrificial devotion to struggling and ambitious youth*. Throughout the land there are scores, yea, hundreds, of men whom he succored and heartened and helped in the time of youthful discouragement, planting their feet in the

path of measureably successful lives. Out of these I shall give one concrete illustration. There are two reasons why I almost hesitate to tell this story. One is that it is so intensely personal, and the other is that some of my readers may have heard me tell it in addresses here and there. But when B. H. Carroll died I determined that during my lifetime I would tell this story, solely for the good it might do, every year to the student body of the Seminary, and now I am moved to give it to this larger audience with the prayer that the telling of it may hearten some discouraged youth.

In the spring of my senior year at Baylor, on account of the long illness to which I have just referred, I found myself utterly without means. On the way home from prayer meeting one night I said, "Doctor, I shall have to leave school." When he inquired why I was going, I said: "I am out of money. I owe you now for three months' board and am utterly unwilling to be a pensioner upon your generosity any further." He took me by the arm and said, "My boy, you know you don't have to pay board at my house unless you want to. Go on and finish your course, and when you get out and make the money you can pay your board, if you so desire." "But," I said, "Doctor, I haven't any clothes." He looked at me and said, "What's that you've got on?" One thing I had on was a little clay worsted single-button cut-away coat, which one of my fellow students had discarded. It was green, not with envy, but with age, and the braid had all worn off, leaving the white

thread showing all up and down the front. As for shoes—well, the least said about them the better. Suffice it to say that I had to black my shoes and socks at the same time to reduce them to a common denominator. So I said, "But Doctor, I am going to graduate in June, and I could not think of graduating in this rig." I was thinking of a brown-eyed maiden who lived in an old-fashioned home where Georgia Burleson Hall now stands, and wondering how she would feel if I came to graduate in that dilapidated garb. He stopped me under a street light and, placing his hands upon my shoulders, looked down upon me and said, "My boy, you have come to the parting of the ways. You are about to determine the kind of man you are going to be for the rest of your life. At the college commencement there will be two kinds of people—fools and people who have sense. If you come to graduate in this rig, all the fools will say, 'If I did not have better clothes than that I would not present myself for graduation.' But all the sensible people will say, 'That's my kind of man. Doubtless those are the best clothes he has, but he shows that he believes there is something else in life more to be desired than clothes.' And now you are about to decide whether for the rest of your life you are going to play to the fools or to the people who have sense." We walked on home. Not another word was spoken until we entered his study, where I slept. He walked to a shelf and took down a book. It wasn't a Bible. It was not a book on religion. It was a volume of the poems of Robert Burns. He

opened it and put his finger on a certain page and said, "Read that and then pray, and tell me at breakfast what you are going to do." With that he left me standing with the book open in my hand, at that big little poem, "A Man's a Man for a' That." I read it, I more than read it; I committed it to memory. I ate it up, I burned it into my soul. I got the spirit of Burns when he said:

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our iols obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

"A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

I slept little that night. I fought the battle royal of my life. If you think it childish that there should be such a struggle over the mere matter of clothes you must not forget that I was just a boy, as proud as Lucifer, as vain as a peacock.

Next morning I supposed that he had forgotten all about it. But even before he asked the blessing at the table, he fastened his kind gray eyes upon me and said, "Well, my boy, what have you decided to do?" I began to cry and in the midst of my emotion said, "I am going to stay," and I did stay, thank God.

The iron that he put into my blood that night has been of more value to me than if he had endowed me with a million dollars. In view of that story, do you wonder that for these forty years I have thanked God upon every remembrance of him?

But those who knew him best would not forgive me if I did not mention as one of his outstanding characteristics his *marvelous poise*—his *almost super-human self-control*. Of Irish descent, he was by nature high strung, quick tempered, turbulent, impetuous. I am told that in his early days, even after he became a preacher, he was often embarrassed and mortified by an unseemly outburst of temper or by giving vent to the scathing invective of an unbridled

tongue. But by the time I first met him he had so mastered himself that during thirty-five years of intimate association I never saw him show the slightest sign of temper. I never saw him indulge one impetuous act nor heard him speak one impatient word to anybody anywhere. (I know that this is strong language, but I call God to witness that I speak the simple truth.) That does not mean that the storms of indignation never raged in his breast. It simply means that he was big enough and broad enough to master an inherently turbulent temper, and control a naturally caustic tongue. Neither does that mean that he controlled himself when out before the people but gave free rein to his temper in his home. Nay, my brothers, I weigh my words when I say that in the sacred precincts of his home—that holy of holies in every true man's life—he was the sweetest, gentlest, kindest, most patient, most forbearing man I ever saw.

Physically, he was the handsomest man I ever saw. Intellectually, he had the most comprehensive and gigantic mind with which I have ever come in contact. From the viewpoint of education, though not a product of the schools, he was genuinely learned. Recently, one of our students said to me, "Dr. Carroll was not regarded as an educated man, was he?" He had heard somewhere that our friend had never excavated a Ph.D., or a Th.D., and had fallen into the erroneous notion that he was therefore not educated. The truth is he could have taken the average Ph.D. or Th.D. and put him in his mental vest pocket and

never known that the little thing was there. He knew more about more things and had a better command of his knowledge than any man I ever knew. But when I have said all that, I have not said the biggest things about B. H. Carroll. I speak the biggest word concerning my friend when I say that he was far and away the *best* man I ever saw.

I am glad that I said to him while he yet lived: "Those who know you only superficially admire you because you are great. But those of us who know the inner chambers of your heart *love* you because you are *good*."

After all is said, the biggest thing about B. H. Carroll was his transparent goodness, his unostentatious piety. Let my closing word be that if all men admired him because of his matchless gifts, those who knew him best loved him because of his good heart. I said it a thousand times while he lived, and now that he is dead let me say it once more, to all the world, weighing my words as I write them:

HE WAS THE BEST MAN I EVER SAW.

To those of my readers who did not know him, let me say with perfect assurance, you will never see his equal. Those who knew him, heartily agree that "men may come and men may go" but we shall never see his like again.

I can think of no better conclusion for this utterly inadequate appreciation of my friend than to apply to him the words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Mark Antony, speaking over the dead body of Brutus:

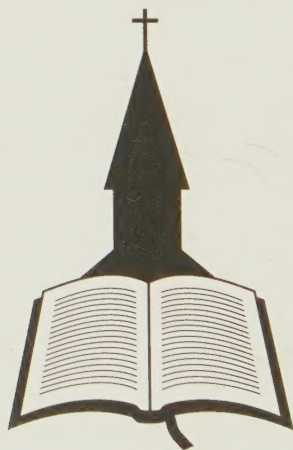
"This was the noblest Roman of them all,
His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that
Nature might stand up and say to all the world
This was a man."

Or, better still, the words applied by Holy Writ to
Barnabas: "He was a good man—full of the Holy
Spirit and of faith."

WITHDRAWN

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